

החורף הנסיון

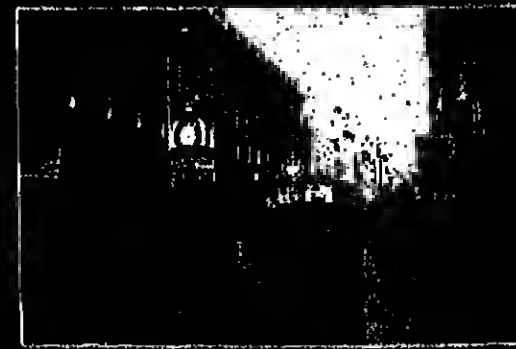
All the "Wonderful Winter" information is available in the lovely brochure put out by El Al and the tour organisers. Ask your travel agent for the brochure or call El Al, Tel. 626262 and it will be mailed to your home.

Fly Off to the Most Wonderful Winter of Your Life



EL AL and the tour organisers are offering to fly you this year to the most wonderful winter you've ever experienced on one of 51 very special tours, all depending on the time at your disposal, the price that suits you and the place most to your liking. With EL AL you can spend a marvellous winter in one of Europe's scintillating capitals, vacationing in the breathcatching snows. Or spend sun-drenched days on enchanting jaunts in strange African worlds, sailing along exotic islands or taking trips throughout the U.S.A. - land of unlimited opportunities. You can choose from tours including flight and hotel, package tours which give you, in addition, tickets to all sorts of events, skiing equipment and more. Or there are organised tours with accompanying guide and a daily programme of fascinating trips. We also offer special tours for the religiously observant.

Don't let this be just another winter. Don't let it pass you by. Start perusing the "Wonderful Winter" brochure. For registration and additional information call your travel agent today.



אל על

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, December 9, 1983



Soviet aid to Syria



هكذا من الأصل

LONELINESS

FEAR... ROBBERY... VIOLENCE!



It can be different in the Golden Age House

Why should you be exposed to danger?

Come, live in the Golden Age House in Tel Aviv where you can live differently: security, good companionship, entertainment, amusements, independent living with cultural and social activities. Your life and property are assured by guards and a nurse day and night.

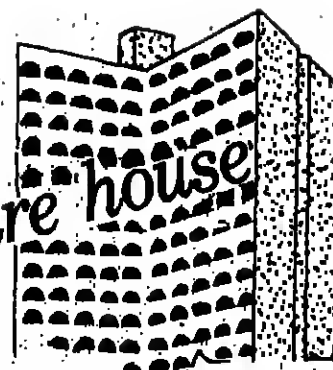
A golden life for the golden age!

You can purchase a one or two room flat in the Golden Age home and enjoy privacy, companionship, security and guards 24 hours a day. Exclusive club, synagogue, library, health club, closed circuit television, restaurant, nursing service 24 hours a day, tours, study groups — all that in the heart of Tel Aviv.



A SPECIAL OFFER FOR A LIMITED TIME!
\$225 a month
 for a single person in a double room, includes
 furniture, electricity, gas, water, cleaning,
 taxes etc. **NO ENTRY FEE.**

A golden life in a secure house



Visit model flats

Sunday through Thursday 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
 Fridays from 9 a.m. to noon,
 Shabbat from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 5 to 7 p.m.

The Golden Age House-Tel Aviv

76 LaGuardia St., Tel. 03-399191



In this issue

Daniel Gavron talks to Sovietologist Amnon Sela.	5
Robert Rosenberg meets the men who defuse the bombs.	6
Haim Shapiro hears about a unit of nuns.	8
Maysha Pomerantz discovers an unusual dance troupe.	9
Alex Berlyne's With Prejudice.	10
Jeff Halper salutes Nikos Kazantzakis on the centenary of his birth.	11
The Book Pages	12
Marketing with Martha	15

In the Poster Pinball:	
Matters of Taste	D
Chess	E
Music and Musicians/Rock, etc.	F
Theatre	G
TV and Radio Schedules	H
Bridge	J
Television	K
Dance	L
Cinema	M
The Art Pages	N

Cover artwork by Alex Berlyne.

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 13081, 91130 Jerusalem.

HIGHER MORTGAGES FOR OLIM

The mortgage loans available to olim in various categories were increased on December 1, 1983, provided that they signed a contract to purchase an apartment on the private market on or after December 1, 1983.

Mortgages are available in a number of combinations, with varying repayment terms. The amount available and the terms of repayment are determined according to family size, status, date of aliyah, and apartment size and location. Olim may choose to take the full mortgage, or only the unlinked portion, or the unlinked portion plus part of the linked amount. Monthly repayments on the linked portion of the loan are adjusted every 3 months according to the changes in the cost-of-living index. The total mortgage may cover up to 95% of the cost of a given apartment.

The major changes are as follows:
 1. The size of the mortgage loans available to olim families, single children of olim and single olim from Western countries were substantially increased. (Note: This change does not include apartments in development areas or in Judea and Samaria; mortgages for these areas were last raised on October 15, 1983.)
 2. New loans are now being offered to various categories of olim in addition to the loans

previously available (see below). Olim applying for mortgage loans are advised to clarify exactly for which loans they are now eligible.
 3. The additional loans available to olim families that arrived on aliyah on or before December 31, 1980 have also been raised. Previously the linked, interest-free additional loans were available only to families that had arrived on aliyah by January 1, 1980; now they are also available to families that arrived a year later.
 4. Olim families that purchase apartments of up to three rooms anywhere in the country, including development areas and Judea and Samaria, can receive an additional linked, interest-free loan. The size of this loan is determined according to the olim family's date of aliyah as follows:
 a. on or before December 31, 1980 — IS 400,000
 b. from January 1, 1981 to December 31, 1981 — IS 300,000
 c. from January 1, 1982 — IS 200,000
 Olim families containing six or more persons may receive this loan for the purchase of a four-room apartment upon special approval.

Preferred Neighborhoods
 An additional linked loan of IS 400,000 at 0% interest is available to olim who purchase new apartments in the following areas:
 Tel Aviv-Jaffa — Shohamat Beit Gimel and Beit Dolev, Jaffa; Shohamat Beit Gimel and Beit Dolev, Jaffa; Shohamat Beit Gimel and Beit Dolev, Jaffa; Shohamat Beit Gimel and Beit Dolev, Jaffa.
 Upper Nazareth

This loan is only available for the purchase of new apartments located in specific buildings on specific streets and built by certain contractors or construction companies.
 In the Jerusalem area, olim who purchase new apartments in He'elal Adumim and Givat Ze'ev may receive mortgages according to the Jerusalem table, plus an additional linked IS 350,000 loan at 8% interest.

Olim who purchase new apartments in the Jerusalem neighborhood Pigeot Ze'ev (under construction) are eligible for an additional linked IS 500,000 loan at 8% interest.

Special aid for development areas
 Olim who purchase new apartments in

development areas are entitled to a standing loan of IS 80,000 at IS 150,000 depending on the area. This loan becomes a grant after 5 years of continuous living in the apartment. Olim who purchase apartments in Beit Shean, Ma'ale, Kiryat Shmona, or Shikma are also entitled to a special grant (see below) of IS 75,000. It should be noted that there are no restrictions on the purchase of apartments in development areas or community settlements.

Community settlements
 The mortgages available to olim who purchase apartments in community settlements over the Green Line vary according to settlement and family size. Details are available from the Ministry of the Interior, Ministry of Immigration and Absorption office.

Apartment Under Construction
 Olim can also receive mortgages for apartments still under construction. During their period of eligibility for housing assistance, olim not living in public housing, who have received a mortgage to purchase an apartment still not ready for occupancy, can receive rental subsidies from the Ministry of Immigration and Absorption for a period not to exceed two years.

Monthly Subsidies
 The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption

provides monthly subsidies to help olim meet their mortgage payments. These subsidies are granted for a period of up to two years from the date the apartment was purchased, and are available in eight banks only. They are not given to Olim who purchase apartments in development areas.

Those who do not take the linked mortgage are not eligible for the Ministry's subsidy. Those who take a portion of the linked amount are entitled to a partial subsidy in proportion to the amount taken (not including the additional loan).

A family of 2-4 persons can receive a maximum monthly subsidy of IS 1,050 in Jerusalem and IS 1,200 in other parts of the country, a family of 5-8 persons, IS 2,700 in Jerusalem and IS 1,800 elsewhere. These subsidies remain the same throughout the two-year eligibility period, even though repayments are adjusted every three months on the linked portion of the mortgage.

For further information on mortgages and subsidies contact the nearest office of the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption. Address: contact the nearest Israel Aliyah Centre representative (Shaleh).

MORTGAGE LOANS FOR OLIM IN DEVELOPMENT AREAS AS OF OCTOBER 15, 1983 (in IS)

Total	Linked (25 yrs., interest free)	Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest)	Unlinked (20 years, 1-4% interest)
A. Family of 2-5 persons including olim married to a veteran Israeli, a couple of children of olim, an elderly couple from a Western country, a child of olim married to a veteran Israeli.			
1,325,000	850,000	250,000	125,000
B. Family of 6-7 persons, including all categories listed in (A) above.			
1,850,000	1,000,000	250,000	400,000
C. Family of 8 or more persons, including all categories listed in (A) above.			
1,870,000	1,120,000	250,000	500,000
D. Single olim including a single child of olim, a single elderly person from a Western country.			
780,000	475,000	250,000	85,000

MORTGAGE LOANS FOR OLIM AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1983 (in IS)

STATUS, FAMILY SIZE AND MAXIMUM APT. SIZE	A. JERUSALEM					B. ELSEWHERE IN ISRAEL (except Development Areas)				
	Total	Linked (25 yrs., interest free)	Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest)	Unlinked (20 yrs., 1-4% interest)	Initial Monthly Repayment	Total	Linked (25 yrs., interest free)	Linked (20 yrs., 6% interest)	Unlinked (20 yrs., 1-4% interest)	Initial Monthly Repayment
* Olim family of 2-4 persons, up to 120 sq.m.	2,200,000	1,470,000	180,000	550,000	7,840	1,800,000	1,220,000	180,000	400,000	8,560
** Olim family of 5-8 persons, up to 120 sq.m.	2,800,000	1,580,000	120,000	800,000	8,830	2,200,000	1,480,000	120,000	600,000	7,800
Olim married to a veteran Israeli, or a couple of children of olim, or an elderly couple from a Western country, up to 100 sq.m.	1,000,000	—	550,000	50,000	8,810	800,000	—	770,000	30,000	4,480
Single olim (except for an elderly person from a Western country, or a child of olim married to a veteran Israeli) up to 85 sq.m. (in effect since Nov. 1, 1983).	700,000	—	700,000	—	5,015	800,000	—	800,000	—	4,300

* Olim families who arrived on aliyah on or before December 31, 1980 may receive an additional linked interest-free loan of IS 500,000 and a linked loan of IS 100,000 at 8% interest.
 ** Olim families who arrived on aliyah on or after January 1, 1981 may receive an additional linked loan of IS 400,000 at 8% interest.
 For each additional person in a family of more than 5, an additional unlinked loan of IS 70,000 and an additional linked loan of IS 170,000 are available.

Communicated by the Department of Information for Olim of the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption and the Aliyah and Olim, Department of the World Zionist Organization

Meal for two

"A Meal for Two" Card entitles you to dine with your partner in various restaurants in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem and to pay for one meal only each time. In this way you can get acquainted with the different restaurants these cities offer and can save 50% of the cost.

- The price of the card is IS1900 (\$20-December)
- Good for one visit to each restaurant
- Does not include drinks
- Card valid for six months
- Your choice of Gold, Red, Blue or Pink cards.

Tel Aviv

Jerusalem

GOLD CARD

Hahouma
Katy's
Savion
Taj
Petra
The Garden Restaurant
Ballas
Maharaja
Hatofes
The House
Hilton
Leyad Hakikar
American Colony
Zorba the Buddha
The Little Gallery

RED CARD

Rishon Cellar
Lotus
Yamit
Peking
Alladin
Suki Yaki
The Place
Herzl 117
Babushka
Hahammama
La Couronne
Dutch Pancake

BLUE CARD

Shaldag
Lotus
Yamit
Peking
The Arches
Yaki Tori
Batya
Herzl 117
Pirozki
Buenos Aires
La Couronne
Taste of Honey

PINK CARD

Rishon Cellar
Lotus
Yamit
Indonesia
The Arches
Suki Yaki
Batya
The Corner
Pirozki
HaHamama
Le Versailles
Taste of Honey

HOW TO ORDER YOUR CARD:

By telephone or the attached coupon
Yoav, Netivei Ra-ayon, 169 Ban Yahuda St. Tel Aviv
Tel. 03-246861, 02-227977, 052-658080

Please send me a Meal for Two Card
gold/red/blue/pink (cross out those not wanted) Tel.
Name Address
I enclose check No. Visa credit card (cross out
nonapplicable) I wish to send the card as a gift to:
Name Address Telephone
Signature

Yoav, Netivei Ra-ayon



מסעדה
לכל שני
ארוחת ערב

THE RUSSIAN commitment to Syria can be compared in some ways to the American commitment to Israel, says Dr. Amnon Sela of the Hebrew University's departments of Russian Studies and International Relations. In the past, the U.S. has often stated that it feels obligated to safeguard Israel's security, "but not Israel's conquests." The Soviet Union has a similar attitude to Syria, Sela suggests. The Russians have never shown any enthusiasm for Syrian actions in Lebanon.

It is not at all clear how far the Russians would go to protect Syrian positions in Lebanon, says Sela. They might be prepared to confront Israel, but they definitely do not want a super-power confrontation over Lebanon.

The U.S. has also shown a reluctance to go over the brink, he says. This may explain why it used its A-6 and A-7 aircraft for its recent strikes against Syrian positions, instead of the more powerful F-14s and F-15s.

The U.S., the Soviet Union, Israel and Syria all have a clear interest in confining any hostilities to the soil of luckless Lebanon and to the air space above it.

However, the situation would be very different if the U.S. or Israel attacked Syrian territory, warns Sela. Syria would respond with all its strength if attacked and that would, of necessity, include a considerable Russian involvement. It is possible, that the Russians would sit back and absorb an attack on their Syrian allies; but it is far more likely that they would rush in powerful reinforcements.

Sela does not see the deployment of missile batteries in Lebanon as a Soviet move. Even if there are Soviet personnel operating the missiles — and this has not been proved — they will be there as "Syrians," not as Russians. The Soviet Union's commitment is to Syria proper.

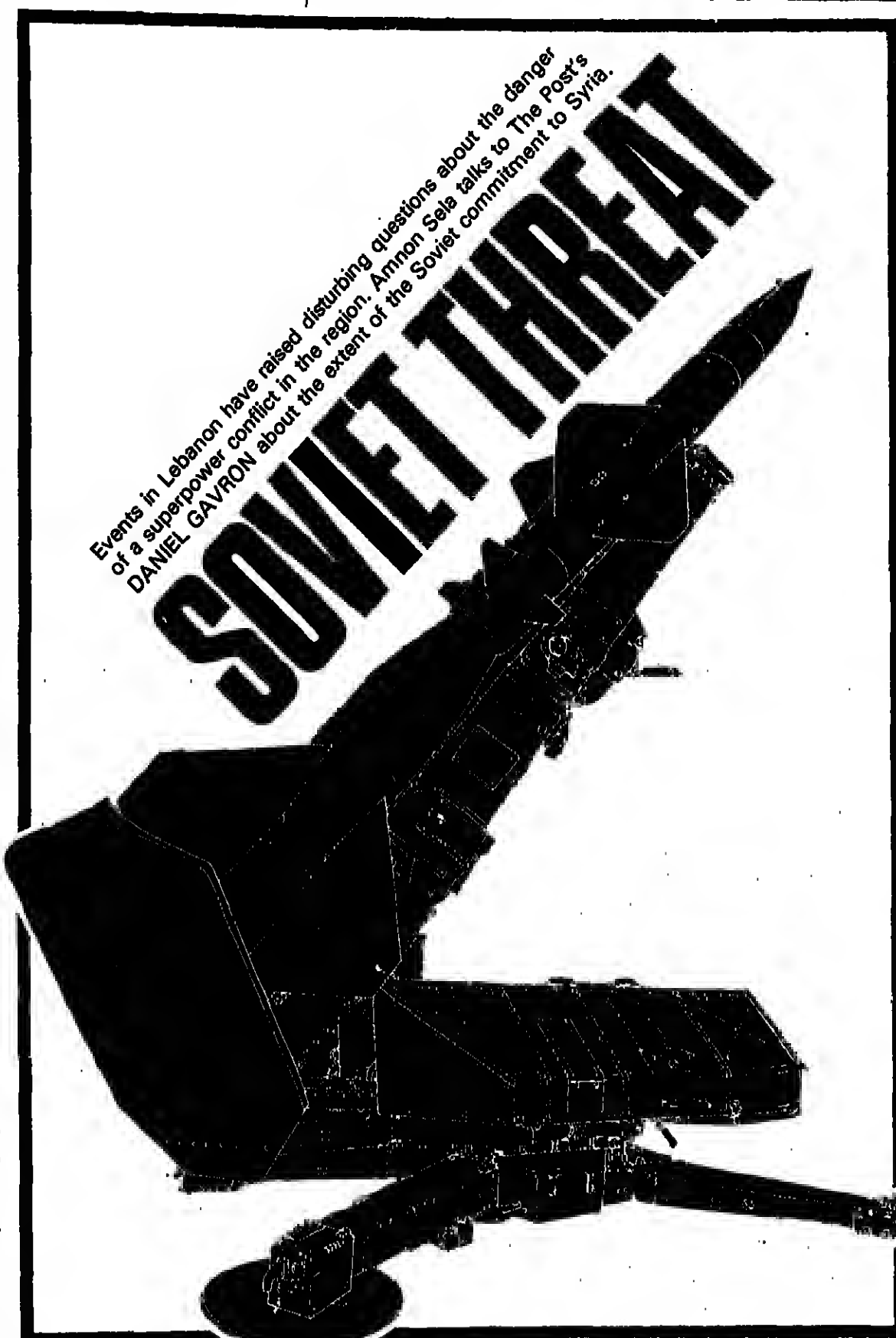
Not that this commitment is automatic, he stresses. Even in the case of the Warsaw Pact nations, the Soviet Union is not committed automatically to their defence if they are attacked. It is obligated to "top-level consultations," in the event of attack, and this is the formula used with Syria also. This is to ensure a measure of freedom of maneuver and to prevent "the tail wagging the dog."

THE DEEP Russian involvement in Syria, Sela points out, extends beyond military matters. The USSR has built the Euphrates Dam, has laid hundreds of kilometres of railways, and has constructed steel mills and other industrial plants. The Russians are also involved in a number of educational projects.

Syria's Communists, unlike those of other Arab countries, where they are imprisoned or even hanged, are a part of the country's Ba'ath-led coalition. The Soviet alliance with Syria is a very comprehensive one, and for the Kremlin it represents a success in a region where there have been many failures.

There is no doubt that the Syrians and their Soviet backers were badly mauled in the Lebanon war, but not, says Sela, quite as badly as Israeli evaluations have suggested.

In everything related to aerial warfare, they were the losers; but the armoured battles were far more even. In many places, the terrain was unsuitable for tank battles; in others, the Russian tanks performed well against the Israeli and Western models. On the whole Israel had the upper hand; but in the Lebanon conflict Arab armour put up a better performance against Israeli armour than in any of the other wars



between the two sides.

After a war, both sides draw their own conclusions, notes Sela, and it would be dangerous for Israel to assume that it always learns the lessons better than the other side. Judging from the Yom Kippur War, the Arabs learned more from their defeat in the Six Day War than the Israelis learned from their victory.

The Lebanon war was also a valuable lesson for the Syrians and their Russian backers. Early this year, an immensely high-powered Soviet team, including some of the top experts in anti-aircraft warfare and combined operations, visited Damascus to consider action in the wake of the fighting in Lebanon.

As a result, the Soviet Union has built Syria a wide-ranging and effective defence system stretching from Aleppo in the north to the Jordanian border in the south.

THE SYSTEM reportedly includes 100 missile batteries and 30 early-warning stations of a most advanced type, and anyone attacking Syria is going to have to pay a very heavy

price. The system also includes two new elements, which, says Sela, will give the Syrians considerable deterrent power.

The SA-5 ground-to-air missiles can hit U.S. aircraft over the Mediterranean, or Israeli planes while they are still flying over Tel Aviv. It is a highly accurate missile, which can hit planes flying at a great altitude.

The SS-21 is a ground-to-ground missile with a range of about 130 km. This is much less than the 500 km. range of the Scud, which the Syrians have had for some time, but it is far more accurate. The Scud can only be used against civilian targets; but the SS-21 can pinpoint military targets with formidable accuracy.

When these two new missiles were introduced into Syria, they puzzled the experts because, although accurate and powerful, they are also vulnerable to attack. However, once the details of the Soviet-built defence line became available, the presence of the SA-5 and the SS-21 was understandable. The new missiles are integrated

into a sophisticated system. That comprises early-warning stations, batteries of SA-3s, SA-4s and SA-6s, and radar-controlled anti-aircraft guns. The network, linked as it is to the Soviet Union's satellite system, adds up to a very formidable defence line indeed.

AS A RESULT of the war in Lebanon, the Syrians have become extremely powerful, notes Sela, and it would be unwise to underestimate the cost of an attack on Syrian territory.

He emphasizes that the system is defensive rather than offensive; but, of course, if they wanted to, the Syrians could utilize many elements of the system for attack.

On the other hand, he suggests Israel should not overestimate Syria's aggressive intentions. Syria's aspiration to a "Greater Syria," which would include Lebanon, Jordan and Israel, is severely tempered by pragmatism. In the Lebanon war, the clash between the IDF and the Syrian army could have been avoided. The Syrians were quick prepared to sit back and

let the Israelis strike at the PLO. They only reacted when they felt that their own positions were threatened.

Of course, concedes Sela, each country has its own idea of what constitutes a "provocation." It may be that the Syrians were unduly sensitive in Lebanon; but it is wrong to depict Damascus as thirsty for conflict.

This also applies to Syria's striving for a "strategic balance" with Israel. Since the peace treaty between Israel and Egypt, Jordan has been hostile to Syria; Iraq has been neutralized by the Gulf War; and the Syrians really feel themselves to be standing alone against Israel. In Sela's words, "We have done very little to assure the Syrians that we understand their security concerns."

He is worried about an Israeli state of mind in Israel which believes that "the Syrians understand only force," particularly when it is aligned with a similar American attitude towards the Soviet Union.

DEVIATING briefly from the topic of the Middle East, Sela points out that the American decision to station more missiles in Western Europe has not had the effect of bringing the Russians to serious negotiations. On the contrary, they have walked out of the disarmament talks and are advancing their own missiles.

"When President Reagan says that the Russians only understand the language of strength, I fear that what he really means is that he understands only that language. At any rate, I have yet to see any evidence that he understands anything about diplomacy."

In Lebanon, too, the language of force has not been effective with Syria. It has only made the Syrians more obstinate. Of course, concedes Sela, force is one way. The Syrian army can be expelled from Lebanon; but there will be a heavy price to pay. Israel has already paid, and is still paying, a heavy price in Lebanon, even if, at the present time, it is not the Syrians who are directly extracting the price.

ONE OF THE problems, he feels, is that the U.S. and Israel are working on the assumption that Soviet President Yuri Andropov and Syrian President Hafez Assad are both incapacitated. It would be dangerous to take advantage of this supposed state of affairs. The Russians certainly will not show weakness at such a time.

The agreement just reached in Washington between the U.S. and Israel is seen in Damascus as a threat, notes Sela. It is no use denying that it concerns Lebanon. It must include the Lebanese situation — indeed, that is obviously its main thrust.

Policy should be composed of a number of elements, says Sela. Force, diplomacy, national and international consensus, pressure — all these are important, but no one of them should be used in isolation.

On Sela's opinion, the road to a solution of the Lebanese crisis does not lie merely through Washington, Jerusalem and Beirut; more than anywhere else it leads through Damascus. If the U.S. and Israel want the Syrians to leave Lebanon, they must talk to the Syrians. Nor is it enough to say, as was said in the past, that it is "in the Syrian interest" that they leave Lebanon. Unfortunately, the Syrians did not see it that way. This does not mean, insists Sela, that Damascus should be dismissed as a possible negotiating partner. □

LEAVING ASIDE the victims, their families and friends, perhaps nobody else in the country felt as bad as did the men in the basement office at the Russian Compound about the bus bomb that killed four and wounded 46 this week in Jerusalem.

It's from that basement office that every day, 24 hours a day, Jerusalem's bomb squad goes forth to patrol the city for suspicious objects, and they were disgusted the day after the bombing this week.

There hadn't been a successful bombing in the city for almost six months. And every bombing could be avoided, they say, "if only people stayed alert."

And they blamed Egged, too, for overcrowding buses so that it becomes impossible for the Jerusalemite to look out of a window, let alone under a seat, in the unconscious search for those deadly packages.

But normally they are a cheerful lot, and while they professionally discussed the method of the bombing, they could still keep chattering about other things — the most recent gossip in their small and secretive society, for example, even the political differences among them.

THEY WILL NOT ADMIT to being adventurers. They have their little — often tragicomic — superstitions, their private jokes and games. They are self-confident, yet it's a self-confidence that has no bragging rights to it. These are no swaggering pilots, smirking bodyguards or plainclothes policemen imitating their TV counterparts. They exude a kind of gentility rare in the macho world of cops and robbers.

The Jerusalem bomb-disposal squad is a closed society of policemen unaffected by the low morale of an underbudgeted and undermanned force. As underpaid as any group who put their lives on the line, they do their work intensely, deriving from it a satisfaction few can match. And they are underappreciated, largely unsung.

When the "suspicious objects" they probe are found to be attached cases stuffed with cash or cheques, or suitcases full of merchandise, they turn it all in. They expose themselves to added personal risk so as not to damage cars as they check for explosives. And they care about one another, revealing a faith in human nature that is strangely at odds with the grim facts of their work.

They even believe that those others have some good in them — the ones who put the bombs in the satehels, broad loaves, egg-crates, water canteens, cardboard boxes, books, bicycles, motor scooters, cars and trucks.

Sitting in their small, clubhouse-like office, its counters and shelves laden with hundreds of dismantled bombs (objects or devices are the words they prefer), like altars to Lady Luck, they rough-house and argue about who will win the lottery or the football pools they all play religiously.

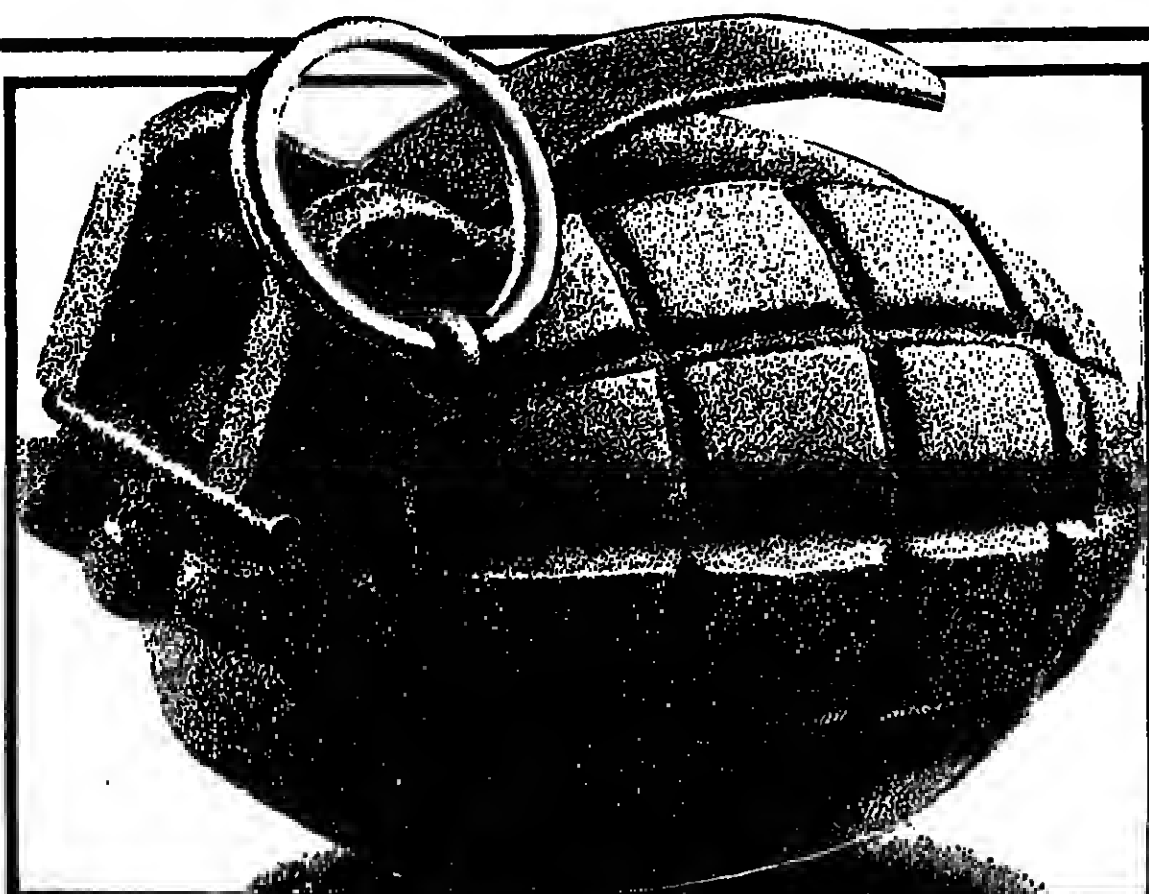
LISTEN TO THEM speak:

"For me, excellence is the whole thing."

"The object, that's all I care about. Who put it there and why — that's for afterwards, when I'm sitting around chewing *garamim* with the guys."

"First I think about the public. Then I think about myself. Then I think about the property."

"We aren't the ones in danger. We're the ones in control once we're on the scene. Patrol cops —



BOMB SQUAD

ROBERT ROSENBERG spends a day with the small group of Jerusalem policemen for whom explosives are a way of life.

those are the ones I really respect. They're the ones who never know if they'll go home alive."

"For the last seven years I've been filling out the same numbers in the lottery. Haven't won yet."

"Only when my wife saw one of my buddies working on an object, and I explained to her how first he put on the protective leggings and then the apron and then the vest and then the helmet and then the goggles, and I explained to her about how we have the robot so we don't have to get up close and how the no. 2 guy helps and makes sure everything is okay — only then did she stop telling me that she worries. I don't suppose she's stopped worrying. But she doesn't talk about it anymore."

"I want my kids to be something. Educated. They should have books and be somebody, maybe a doctor or a lawyer. I won't tell them what they should become. But I want them to be special. Not like me."

"You see this guy? See his funny little smile? That's how he smiled that time, when we watched him squat down beside an object and it exploded and there was dust and smoke and we were about to shout and run towards him, thinking he'd bought it. He stepped out of the cloud and he was smiling. He's a maniac. He's the greatest."

"This guy here, he's a real old-timer, older than any of us. C'mon, tell him how old you are."

"Thirty nine."

SAMMY wants his van to be clean, as clean as can be. He doesn't want to let a lookout-trusty wash it.

He and his partner, Uri, take an hour over the white Dodge, scrubbing it inside and out, using big straw brooms to smear the soap and then a high pressure hose to rinse it off.

Inside, the equipment — the robot, the protective vests and leggings, the video screen through which they can see what the robot sees — everything is in place.

There's a problem with one of the microphones for the Motorola radio set. So they take it apart, patiently. Their lives — our lives — could depend on it working properly.

When they can't fix it, they take the microphone out of another van and attach it to their radio.

It's not exactly standard operating procedure, but then, they're not exactly the same as everybody else in the Russian Compound.

Sammy talks fast and works fast and he thinks fast. But everything he does is deliberate.

He's no *yekke*, though. Actually, he was born in Tunis. When he reaches what the police call "an incident," he's first out of the van, striding over to look at the scene, maybe calling for some equipment from Uri, who's the driver. Sometimes the whole thing takes only a few minutes. Other times it can take much, much longer.

The bomb squad gets about 11,000 calls a year. Most are false alarms. A handful are deliberately made by the squad commander to check unit response.

Much more often, the calls are the result of the suspicion generated in every Jerusalemite, Jew and Arab, regarding abandoned objects.

old vehicles parked for too long on busy street corners, sacks of old clothes abandoned at bus stops and the dozens of attaché cases left behind on buses.

This year, fewer than 100 calls have led to the sappers' lightrope act against time.

"Even if we have to check out 1,000 suspicious objects before finding a real one, it's worth it," says Sammy.

What he'd really like is a ping-pong table somewhere, so he can let off some steam.

OUTSIDE CITY HALL a few evenings earlier, somebody left a plastic bag full of clothes.

But bombs have been hidden in much less sophisticated ways, and Sammy has to assume that it's about to blow up in his face. Since there's a crowd and traffic is piling up, he decides to use the robot.

A busload of kids enjoys the show, oohing and aahing as the funny little machine rolls out of the truck and, like some oversized toy, makes its way toward the plastic bag.

We had reached the event on a siren-blaring, blue-lights-flashing dash from Mt. Scopus, where an abandoned motor scooter had aroused the curiosity of a security guard. So our hearts were beating fast as we watched the machine on its caterpillar treads approach its target.

On the television screen, it didn't look like Starsky and Hutch. I kept shifting my gaze from the screen to the real thing outside the window and back again.

But things are different now, says

A blue-uniformed cop comes over, as Sammy maneuvers the machine. "I think it's only a bag of clothes, so I don't think you have to use the robot, I don't think you have to attack," he says.

The sapper turns furious, his jaw-bone clenched white.

"Last night you called me up, begged me to come halfway across town because there was a cardboard box in your hallway and you said you didn't know anything about suspicious objects. Now all of a sudden you're an expert. Listen, buster, this is my job, and I'll do it my way."

Sammy turns back to the TV and consults with Moshe, another sapper at the other end of the street, watching through binoculars.

The cop just stands there, a frozen smile on his face. Sammy ignores him. Later, he apologizes, but only for raising his voice because "it wasn't nice to do that in public."

These are not violent men. They see their job as creative. Amos is studying history at the Open University. One of the new guys on board, he's been around about eight months.

Did the job in the army for the paratroopers — or maybe he made bombs. Doesn't matter. That's how he talks. He spent a few years in business, had a small jewelry factory.

Why did he pack it in?

"Wanted to do something for the country," Amos calls himself "a disciplined adventurer, an ambitious romantic."

A SAPPER earns a good living compared to other policemen — but he is ridiculously underpaid for the job he does.

A police sapper took home a little less than IS49,000 in October. That's for six shifts a week, no holidays, at least one overnight shift and at least two evening shifts.

When they hang out together and aren't talking shop, they talk about how to make do on their salaries, how to finish the month.

And Sammy — all he wants is a ping-pong table.

They built their own supply shed, guerrilla fashion. They nicked the wood; begged, borrowed and virtually stole whatever else they needed. Then, since one is a mechanic and another a carpenter and yet another a welder, they put it together.

Not that the police wouldn't be happy to give them a nice shed. They just don't have the money. So they did it themselves, in their spare time, so they could keep their equipment safe and close by.

IN THE OLD days, when everything was done by hand, it was different.

"There was more tension when you went out to work every day," says Moshe, who already has six years in the unit behind him.

He's laconic, a listener who smiles often and when he speaks, it's in a beautiful, elegant Hebrew, clear and without clichés. He's asking as a rule, with many more than his 28 years etched on his brow and in the hollows of his cheeks.

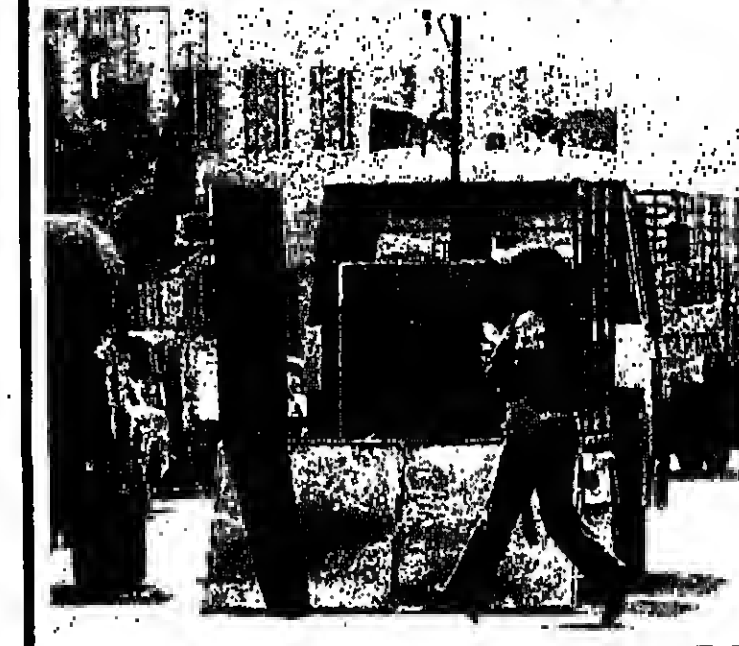
Moshe was around in the days before the robot — which has received a lot more publicity than any of its living operators.

Moshe remembers the day Albert went out and didn't come back. And he remembers Steve. Their pictures are on the wall. The subject of the two dead men is a sensitive one. The man who had to step into Albert's shoes the day after he died refused to take Albert's radio code number.

But things are different now, says



The late Albert Levy (left) and the late Steve Himes. Both men were killed by booby-trapped objects. (Below) Police sapper carrying on explosive device a few minutes before it was set to go off.



Moshe. "The personality of the job has changed. We have more confidence now," although "we still have to do quite a bit by hand."

Any of these guys could go into the stolen car business. It doesn't matter what kind of vehicle it is — they can get in and out in a wink.

Sammy worked on one of the car bombs downtown off Rehov Ben-Yehuda. They tried using the robot and in the end decided, what the hell, let's do it the old-fashioned way.

So they jacked the thing up with a tow-truck, zipped underneath and saw dozens of kilos of explosives hanging overhead. They dismantled the bomb manually.

Yankel, a 16-year patrol unit veteran, joined the sappers after he told his boss, Police Commander Tsi-Nitzav Rahamim Comfort, that he wanted to claim his pension.

Comfort gave him hell. "What are you giving it up for? To open a little shop? With your experience?"

So Yankel remained in the force, becoming a driver for the sappers. "A few years ago," he says, "I got a call at the compound to grab a tow truck and go up to the *shuk*. Nobody told me what it was about. I drove up to the *shuk* and it was empty. I mean, there weren't even any mice running around."

"But I could see a parked car and, at the very end of the street, some ambulances and a sapper's van. On the radio they told me to hook up to the parked car. I asked them what it was all about and they said it was a stolen car. They didn't tell me anything."

answered the bodyguard.

"So I started to drive away with this thing, and I was like the prime minister, patrol cars with sirens in front of me and in back of me and they led me to a big field outside of town. I drove into the middle of the field and I still hadn't figured it out. As I was unchaining the car from the tow truck, the officer in charge told me over the radio: 'Now get the hell out of there.'"

"Ever since then, whenever I hear a call for a tow truck I go to the bathroom."

Yet six days a week Yankel goes out looking for bombs.

ONE EVENING a couple of the boys went over to a big five-star hotel to check it out. Some foreign VIPs were going to be eating dinner with the prime minister or the foreign minister, they weren't sure which.

In any case, they showed up at the appointed hour and were met by a pair of bodyguards — gorillas in the jargon — those good-looking fellows who wear earplugs and talk into their collars. Menachem Begin once called them "those fine Hebrew warriors, the likes of whom haven't been seen since Judah Hamaccabi."

They did their job — peeked under tables, behind curtains, checked the podium. And the bodyguard types stood around watching.

One of them recognized me as a journalist. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"A story on these guys," I said. "It would be more interesting to do a story on one of their dogs," answered the bodyguard.

I looked over at the two sappers. They had been chasing after bombs for the previous six hours and had another two hours to go. Eight hours later they'd be at it again. Sure, the explosives-sniffing dogs are an interesting story, I thought. But I've always preferred the human side of things.

THEY DON'T THINK about who puts the bombs out there. Arsbs plant bombs and Jews plant bombs. The Jews plant them for criminal reasons, the Arsbs for political ones. It doesn't matter to the man who has to take them apart.

Every once in a while they get a briefing about the terror organizations. Other times they are briefed by the CID on the internal politics of the Jerusalem criminal underworld. Sometimes, the two intertwine, in a netherworld of arms and drugs and stolen property.

Just as there's no such thing as an average sapper, there's no such thing as an average day. Every day is different. Sometimes it's slow — 10 or 15 objects reported during a 24-hour period. Sometimes it's almost manic, with more than a dozen reported in one eight-hour shift.

They feel lucky when one of the suspicious objects is actually a bomb.

"It makes the whole thing worthwhile," says Sammy. "It's an enormous satisfaction to me to prevent one of those things going off."

He counts the number of car bombs in Jerusalem over the past few years. As he mentions each one the expression on his face changes. Those that blew up before they were discovered turn into wrinkles on his brow. Those they managed to defuse crack smiles on his leathery face.

MOST OF THEM remain on the job about five years — if they last that long.

After a while, the pressure erodes the nerves, neutralizes the satisfaction. The slightest thing — a wrong address in the search for an object, for example — can make them nervous, and since being nervous is the last thing they want to be, they know that they can't do it forever.

So after a while they move on. The explosives lab at National Police Headquarters, for example, takes some veterans. Others who have been injured never quite make it back.

One man lost an eye and ended up an officer in the Civil Guard.

Another got out because his wife couldn't take the pressure. A third retired from the force, forgoing the pension, after two bombs exploded in his hands.

"I'll do this as long as I feel I can. The minute I get apathetic, I'll quit," says Sammy.

"If any of us tried to sweep something under the rug," smiles the quiet, lanky Moshe, "we'd end up swept under the rug."

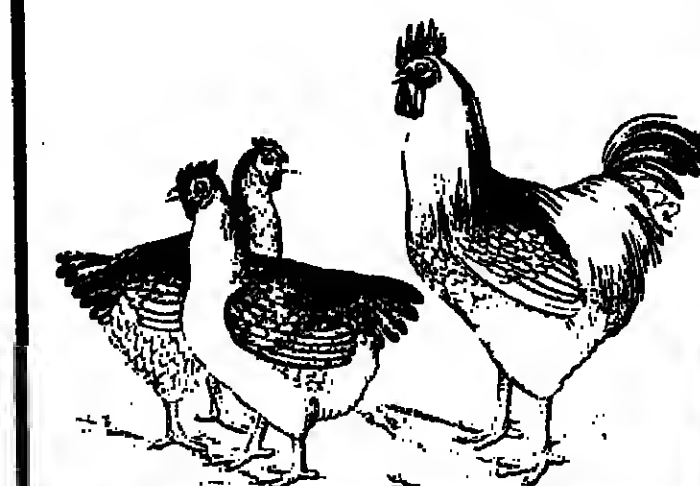
PATRIOTISM might have something to do with it. But since patriotism means conformity nowadays, one can't really call them patriots. These are definitely the nonconformists of the police.

Amos explains it by saying that he never thought about patriotism: when he was in an army combat unit. But he always thought about what his buddies would think.

Sammy says it's a matter of believing in what you do, and being happy doing it.

Uri says he can't see himself doing anything else. And Moshe, he says it simply has to be done.

Chicken feed



Q: What's the difference between a shekel and a dollar? A: A dollar. The joke that has been making the rounds in Israel for the last few months has suddenly become true — the much-maligned shekel is now valued at less than one U.S. cent.

In the finest Jewish tradition, the best jokes are made from the worst conditions, and the shekel has been a favourite victim of Israelis practically since its inception. There's the one about the archeologist who unearthed an ancient biblical gold coin and upon seeing the faint inscription 'shekel' threw it back.

In fact, perhaps we *should* go back to biblical currency — camels and chickens.

Your friends and relatives abroad, who went to know more about Israel than just the headlined politics and military developments, should be reading THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION — 24 pages taken from the week's issues of THE JERUSALEM POST. Order a gift subscription for someone interested in "currency affairs" in Israel.

THE JERUSALEM POST
INTERNATIONAL EDITION P.O.B. 91 000, JERUSALEM

Subscriptions can be handed in at:
He'sid, 2 Rehov Hehavitzelet, Jerusalem
Jerusalem Post, 11 Carlebach St., Tel Aviv
Jerusalem Post, 18 Rehov Nordau, Haifa

Please send The Jerusalem Post International Edition to:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

My cheque for (see rates below) is enclosed.

Please send a gift card to the recipient in my name.

Name

Address

AIRMAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

9 Months 26 issues

1 Year 52 issues

U.S.A., Canada US\$22 US\$40

U.K., Europe US\$22 US\$40

Other countries: US\$25 US\$45

Payment can be made in Israeli Shekels at the rate of exchange on the day of payment, plus 15% VAT.

POST

PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Larousse, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Series by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Owen Nudel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Tara Banz sings folk songs, ballads and American Indian chants tomorrow. Marian plays French songs on Tuesday. Jean Mark Luxembourg plays classical pieces on Wednesday. Bruno Kovshinsky plays Jewish folk and baroque on Thursday. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yod Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. (Patmel Talmud Folkdancers, International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With top musicians. Guest guitarist, Jean-Claude Yunas. (Purgod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Zabarim folkdancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — Gush Egozin — country music with the flavour of milk and honey. (Israel Centro, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

ORIGINAL JEWISH FOLK MUSIC — With Itzhak and Ruthy Miller. (Pinat Hantalar, 46 Bezalet, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

FERNANDO DE ALMEIDA — Well-known Portuguese pianist and singer. (Sheraton Hotel, Piano Bar, tomorrow through Thursday at 8 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — Gush Egozin — country music with the flavour of milk and honey. (Israel Centro, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

ORIGINAL JEWISH FOLK MUSIC — With Itzhak and Ruthy Miller. (Pinat Hantalar, 46 Bezalet, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

NIGHT RIDE — A little girl who won't sleep takes a magical journey. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 10 a.m.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS — Puppet theatre for ages 3-8. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Monday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — Produced by the Khan Theatre. A collection of folk tales, puppet original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BOY CLOWN, GIRL CLOWN — By the Sunflower Theatre. (She'ar Zion Library, Beit Arie, 25 Shaul Hameteb, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

CINDERELLA — Theatre. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m., Asia House, Monday at 4:30 p.m.)

FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins and sea lions, puppet theatre, old-time, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium Charles Clere Park, tomorrow 12 p.m.-4:30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 4:30 p.m. only).

YOUTH CONCERT — With Irit Stainer, Ariel Cohen, duo-pianists. (Rehovot, Wia, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Moti Giladi. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m., Beit Hahayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With From the Other Side group. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Solo performance. (Tsavta, tomorrow at 10:45 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL — Programme of songs. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON — Programme of songs. (Tsavta, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers. (Patmel Talmud Folkdancers, International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With top musicians. Guest guitarist, Jean-Claude Yunas. (Purgod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Zabarim folkdancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — Gush Egozin — country music with the flavour of milk and honey. (Israel Centro, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

ORIGINAL JEWISH FOLK MUSIC — With Itzhak and Ruthy Miller. (Pinat Hantalar, 46 Bezalet, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

NIGHT RIDE — A little girl who won't sleep takes a magical journey. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 10 a.m.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS — Puppet theatre for ages 3-8. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Monday at 4 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — Produced by the Khan Theatre. A collection of folk tales, puppet original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BOY CLOWN, GIRL CLOWN — By the Sunflower Theatre. (She'ar Zion Library, Beit Arie, 25 Shaul Hameteb, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

CINDERELLA — Theatre. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m., Asia House, Monday at 4:30 p.m.)

FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins and sea lions, puppet theatre, old-time, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium Charles Clere Park, tomorrow 12 p.m.-4:30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 4:30 p.m. only).

YOUTH CONCERT — With Irit Stainer, Ariel Cohen, duo-pianists. (Rehovot, Wia, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

THE HEART — Theatre and songs. (Bat Or, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Shalom Ronly. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE — by Brecht. A Cameri Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OESIRE — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. A couple is crisis act out as English social comedy. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m., Thursday at 4:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated and produced by Nino Nisi. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Tsavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

ICARUS — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — Detective comedy produced by the Lila Theatre. (Gerard Behar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE LAW WILL BE GIVEN AT 6 — Produced by the Simple Theatre. The play takes place in an old temple. (Khan Theatre, Monday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

TANZI — Produced by the Beit Leisla Theatre. The story takes place around the boiling ring. (Gerard Behar, Bezalet, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — "From Witchcraft to Psychiatry" presented by the Scarlet Harlots from England. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VERSUS AUDIENCE — By Peter Heidecke. Directed by Tami Lederer. A modern play with audience participation. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, tonight at midnight)

CORINNE EL-AL — Sing. (Eilat, Almog Yum, tomorrow and Sunday)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Haim, tonight at 9:30 p.m.; Upper Nazareth, Berkowitz, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — (Holon, Moffet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DANCE

BAT OR DANCE COMPANY — Presenting evenings of 4 works, old and new. Works by Paul Taylor, Dorey Hetherington, Yigal Perry and others. (Bat Or, 30 Ibn Dovid, Monday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

CAVALLI E LENTICHES — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. About a group of young Israeli soldiers in a bunker on the border. (Habimah, Small Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING — Comedy by Emilie Aizer. Produced and directed by Nino Nisi. About a lonely man in Paris. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

OESIRE — (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE IDIOT — (Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

INSIGNIFICANCE — By Terry Johnson. Directed by Gedalia Besser. Produced by the Beit Leisla Theatre. A chance meeting between 4 people in a New York hotel in 1953. (Beit Leisla, tonight at 9:30 p.m., tomorrow, Sunday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

A LIFE OF ONE NIGHT — Produced by the Ge Theatre. An Arab's reality. (Tsavta, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

LS ODONVOS — Written and produced by Nino Nisi. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) — By Werner Rainer. Produced by Nino Nisi. (Old Jaffa, HaSimah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

PILOTS — By Vasil Hader. Directed by Oded Kotler. Produced by the Beit Leisla Theatre. The story of a group of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. (Nava Zede, 6 Veliel, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS — By Hanoch Levin. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. A sad story of warped human relations. (Tsavta, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — British comedy produced by the Yvett Theatre. Directed by Leonard Schach. (Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SOLARE STRING QUARTET — Yair Kleiss, violin; Itzhak Gress, violin; Gad Leventov, viola; Uri Vardi, cello. Works by Beethoven. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)

THE YUVAL TRIO — Haydn: Trio No. 2 in G, Op. 1; Schubert: Trio Op. 100. (YMCA, tomorrow)

THE MAORIAL SINGERS — Renaissance songs, folk songs from Israel, Israel, Scotland, and more. (Tsavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hanoch Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Eilat, Wednesday)

TANZI — (Rithon Leisla, Moffet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)



"We Who Were the Beautiful," presented by the Scarlet Harlots from England.

SWEENEY TODD — Musical drama by Stephen Sondheim and Hugh Wheeler. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. Directed by Peter James. (Cameri Theatre, tonight through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

TANZI — (Beit Leisla, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow and Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HALFE

CITY SUGAR — By Stephen Pollakov. Directed by Micha Levinson. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Yvett Theatre production. The story of a popular radio announcer. (Shviti, tonight at 9:45 p.m.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING — By W. Shakespeare. Directed by Omi Nizan. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. This version places the action in 1917, with Alken's entrance into Palestine. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Sunday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

NO ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENTARY DOGS — One-woman show, written, composed and directed by Bitha Yavin. A social and political satire picture of Israel today. (Ramle, Beit Hahayal, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PILLARS OF SOCIETY — By Ibsen. Directed by Theodore Toma. Produced by the Beersheba Municipal Theatre. The story of a Norwegian family in a small, closed community. (Beersheba Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

PILOTS — (Ramle, Heichal Haturbut, tomorrow and Sunday at 9 p.m.; Yeroham, Monday at 9 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9:45 p.m.; Yagur, Yad Lemegimim, Monday at 9 p.m.; Migdole, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Netanya, Shimon, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

THE SOUL OF A JEW — By Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Gedalia Besser. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. Contradictions between Judaism and Zionism, hope and self-hate. (Holon Hagalili, Heichal Haturbut, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hanoch Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Eilat, Wednesday)

TANZI — (Rithon Leisla, Moffet, tonight at 10 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU — By Kaufman and Hart. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre Players. (Museum, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

WE WHO WERE THE BEAUTIFUL — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O

Buses 10, 19, 24, Tel. 415967
Fri. Dec. 9
Double feature/1 ticket:
Body Heat 2
Wayward Husband 4.15
Sat., Dec. 10
A Clockwork Orange 6.30, 9
Sun., Dec. 11
Double feature/1 ticket:
Body Heat 6.45
Wayward Husband 9
Mon., Dec. 12
Lord of the Rings 6.30, 9
Tue., Dec. 14
Clair de Femme 7, 9
Wed., Dec. 14
La Vie de Cabiria 6.45, 9
Thurs., Dec. 15
The Producers 7, 9

EDEN

THE GENIUS

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

REVENGE OF THE NINJA

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA

TRADING PLACES

Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 6.45, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

HEIDI

Tue. 6, 8.30
JULIETTE OF THE SPIRITS

KFIR

SHORT ROMANCE

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

HEAT AND DUST

* JULIE CHRISTIE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

ORION

MAX DUGAN RETURNS

Nell Simon's new hit
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA

MONTY PYTHON - SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Weekdays 4 only

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Sun. 15.150 per ticket

RON

ANOTHER WAY

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

RIL HARD GEBE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

MURDEROUS SUMMER

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9.15

TEL AVIV Cinemas

REVENGE OF THE NINJA

Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA

LONE WOLF MACQUADE

Sat. 10, midnight
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

LA PASSANTE DE SANS SOUCI

Thurs. 8.30

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 11 a.m.

CHEN 1

TRADING PLACES

Take two complete strangers... make one of them rich the other poor...
* DAN ACKROYD
* EDIE MURPHY
Tonight 9.30, 12.10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Today 11, 2, Sat. 11 a.m.
ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

CHEN 2

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Tonight 9.30, 12.10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.40
Mat. 4.30
ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

CHEN 3

BLUE THUNDER

Tonight 9.30, 12.10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Today 11, 2, Sat. 11 a.m.
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

CHEN 4

CANNERY ROW

Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Sat. 7.05, 9.30
Today 11, 2, Sat. 11 a.m.
Sun. 10.30, 1.30: BANANAS

CHEN 5

PSYCHO II

4.30, 7.05, 9.15
Today 11, 2, Sat. 11 a.m.
RETURN OF THE JEDI
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30
RITZER BALL

CINEMA ONE

THE WAY WE WERE

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS

37 Cruzensberg, Tel. 613321

LAST CHANCE!!

Festival of Argentinian and Spanish films
All movies in Israel Premiere with English subtitles
Tonight 9, 10.45
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL

GABRIELA

7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

CLASS

Weekdays 5.30, 7.15:
SUPERMAN III
Tonight, Sat. and weekdays
at midnight: Sex Film

ESTHER

HARRY TRACY

Israel Premiere
Tel. 225610

LEV I

THE MEANING OF LIFE

10th week
Tel. 288868

LEV II

LOCAL HERO

Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

I LOVE YOU CARMEN

2nd week
Film by Carlos Saura
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

LE CHOIX DES ARMES

* CATHERINE DENEUE
* GERARD DEPARDIEU
* YVES MONTAND
English subtitles
Sat. 11 a.m.: ANNIE

MOGRABI

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

David's father bought him a home computer. He used it to change his high school grades.

WAR GAMES

Directed by John Badham
Tonight 10, Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS

REQUIEM

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12.4, 4, 7.15, 9.30

LE VOILE DE LA ROCHELLE

7.15, 9.30

ORLY

A DEADLY SUMMER

Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30

PEER

PRAYING MANTIS

Directed by Jack Gold
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

FLASH DANCE

Sat. and weekdays 11 a.m.:
SUPERMAN III

STUDIO

TWILIGHT ZONE

Directed by Steve Spielberg
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETET

MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

YOL

Winners of "Golden Palm"
Cannes, 1982
Film by Yilmaz Guney
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

TO BEGIN AGAIN

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week
Weekdays 4
The well-known musical
ANNIE
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
True story by Billy Hayes
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
Adults only
ARMON
CONCRETE JUNGLE
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
ATZMON
2nd week
* DAVID CARRADINE
* CHUCK NORRIS
In a mighty, powerful film
LONE WOLF
Adults only
4, 6.45, 9
CHEN
12th week
FLASH DANCE
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
FRENCH CULTURAL CENTRE
BEIT ROTHSCHILD
Sun. 5, 7, 9.30; Mon. 7, 9.30
Festival International du Film
LE VOILE DE LA ROCHELLE
4th week
David's father bought him a home computer. He's used it to change his high school grades.
7.15, 9.30

MORIAH

BREATHLESS

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

ORAH

* JACQUELINE BISSET
* KEIL LOWE
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
In a story of first love
CLASS
4, 6.45, 9
ORION
SEX AROUND THE WORLD
6 nonstop performances
Adults only
ORLY
4th week
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
LOCAL HERO
2nd week
MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
Sat. 6.30, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
RON
4th week
UP YOUR ANCHOR
11 a.m. (Poplite 5)
4, 6.45, 9
SHAVIT
5th week
TO BEGIN AGAIN
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

3rd week
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
I LOVE YOU CARMEN
Mat. 4
DEKKERS AND BROOMSTICKS
LILLY
YANKS
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
OASIS
7th week
TRADING PLACES
Tonight 10
4, 7, 9.30
ORDEA
2nd week
BABY LOVE
* GOLDIE HAWN
* BURT REYNOLDS
Mat. 4: DIVY TALK GIRL
7.15, 9.30
RAMAT GAN
WAR GAMES
4th week
David's father bought him a home computer. He's used it to change his high school grades.
7.15, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID

HIGH ROAD TO CHINA

7.15, 9.30

TIFERET

BLUE THUNDER

7.15, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

SAVOY

TRAIL OF THE PINK PANTHER

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

MUSIC

JOSEPH KALICHSTEIN

— Piano recital —
programme of works by Schubert, LYNICA,
Sunday

BAROQUE MUSIC

— Works by Buissonier,
Telemann, Bach, Handel and others.
(Tzavta, Tuesday)

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD CEREMONY

— Student performances (Rubin Academy,
Smolenskin, Wednesday)

TEL AVIV area

TEL AVIV DUO — Irit Steiner, Ariel Cohen,
piano. Works for 2 pianos and 4 hands: Works
by Mozart, Schubert, Bartok and
Rachmaninoff. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch,
tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE YUVAL TRIO

— Works by Clara and
Robert Schumann. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11
a.m.)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Aldo Ceccato. Soloist: Marcel Bergman, cello. Programme —
Western Classical Op. 1; Haydn: Cello Concerto No. 1; Debussy: Iberia; Ravel:
Rhapsodie Espagnole. (Mottel Auditorium,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

— Conducted by Lev Markin. Soloist: Emanuel
Krasovsky, piano. Works by Corelli, Fauré,
Piston and Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum,
Reinhold, Sunday)

THE HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

— Programme as per Haifa, (Kiryat Haim, Beit
Nagler, tomorrow; Nahariya, Carlton Hotel,
Monday)

GLAD MISHORI

— Piano recital. Works by
Bach, Paganini, Beethoven, Brahms, and
Igor Stravinsky. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval,
tomorrow)

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

IF FOOD were the way to peace, there would have been no wars for the last hundred years.

This was the observation of my companion as we sat in the Yerevan, a new Armenian restaurant just inside the New Gate in the Old City of Jerusalem. In contrast to the rather worn appearance of the buildings around it, the Yerevan is hold and brassy, with a modernistic picture window, gold decorations and red velvet chairs in a sort of Louis XIV style.

The observation about food and peace was made during the first course, some eight salads which could have been Jewish or Arab, Greek or Turkish. Not that they were any the worse for their universality; it just went to prove that food is one language anyone can understand.

The salads included one which is commonly known as "Turkish salad" in this country, although I myself have never encountered it during my travels in Turkey. There was also a cooked carrot salad which is usually associated with Jewish immigrants from North Africa.

One very pleasant and original dish was composed of slices of squash, fried and then seasoned with just a touch of lemon and garlic. Other dishes included the ubiquitous eggplant and tomato, here particularly rich and creamy, parsley and tomato and tomato and cucumber and tomato.

My point is, of course, not that the dishes were not Armenian, but that they represented a world of culinary experience. In fact, one should add that the Armenians have a reputation as fine chefs and were



usually called upon to serve the sultans in this capacity.

Meanwhile, as we ate, we admired the goldfish swimming in an aquarium on the wall and wondered who, indeed, came to eat at this restaurant. Perhaps it serves the parties of Christian pilgrims who are quartered in the area.

If the first course was universally Middle Eastern, the main course seemed to have a more specialized flavor. I chose a dish identified as "Yerevan chicken" in which the bird had been braised with onions marinated in vinegar. The chicken

Bold & brassy

MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shapiro

was tender and tasty, although I would have preferred it cooked a bit longer.

My companion chose the dolma, a dish with two small eggplants and a squash, all filled with meat and roasted. Here, too, I felt that longer cooking would have been beneficial. This was not so necessary for the squash, but in the eggplants, the essential bitterness of the vegetable was very much in evidence.

Served alongside were chips, fresh and crisp, coleslaw and a slice of tomato.

For dessert, there was a display case of cakes which made me a bit apprehensive, especially in view of the eggplants. They were the sort of sweets which can either be very good or absolutely inedible. But duty called, and I selected two.

I am happy to say that all my fears were dispelled the minute I bit into my choice, a sort of Black Forest cake, with chocolate and a generous amount of real cream. As for my companion, she too was satisfied with her portion of two rum balls, one rolled in nuts, the other in coconut.

The Turkish coffee was excellent. The bill, including two bottles of local beer, came to \$19.50.

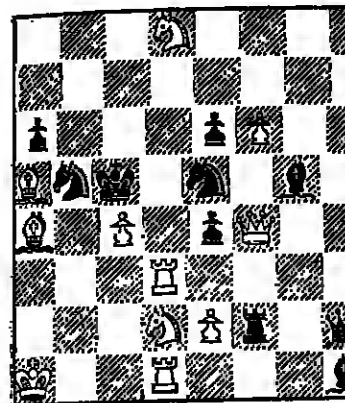
THE QUALITY of the cakes, the atmosphere and the location make this an ideal spot for relaxing with coffee and cake at the end, or in the middle of, a long walk through the Old City. However, for those who are more interested in the gastronomic aspects, I have tried to reconstruct the Yerevan chicken.

Cut a chicken into serving pieces, rub with lemon juice and set aside. Thinly slice four or five large onions. Mix half a cup of water and half a cup of vinegar, bring to a boil, turn off the heat and immerse the onions. Leave for an hour.

Droin the onions and fry in a large pan until soft, but not brown. Remove them and place the chicken in the pan, skin side down. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little cinnamon. Add a little water, cover and cook, adding just enough water from time to time to keep from drying out. When the chicken is done, add the onions, cook another five minutes and serve. □

CHESS Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3150
BARUCH LENDER, Afula
2nd prize, Olympic Ty. 1976



White mates in two (11-10)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3148 (Visserman). 1.Qh4 threat 2.Qg3: 1.— Rf1 2.Nf2 Kc4 3.Nf3x; 1.— Rg1 2.Nd2 Kc4 3.Ng2x; 1.— Re8

2.Nd5 Kc4 3.Ne6x; 1.— Rg8 2.Nb5 Kc4 3.Ng6x.

PSYCHOLOGICAL VICTORY
VICTOR KORCHNOI scored an important psychological victory by winning the first game of his match with Gary Kasparov, which opened in London on November 22.

Korchnoi played the first moves so quickly that Kasparov put his hands to his brow trying to fathom what his opponent had in mind. Kasparov resigned after 52 moves, and the pair shook hands before leaving the stage, marking a thaw in Korchnoi's tempestuous relations with the Soviet chess world.

Korchnoi took only two minutes over his first dozen moves, while Kasparov, who had the white pieces, spent 80 minutes on his decisions.

Under neon lights on a low dais in a London hotel, and in front of 300 paying spectators and 100 officials and reporters, Korchnoi's fingers flashed over the board to play his black pieces in response to his opponent's moves. "At the level of

chess played by grandmasters like these, instantaneous moves are almost unheard of," said former British champion IM Robert Bellin. Experts said the 20-year-old Kasparov was playing strongly in his own fashion, while 52-year-old Korchnoi kept him guessing.

INTER-KIBBUTZ CHAMPIONSHIP

THE 29th Inter-Kibbutz championship, held in Holon, was won by the Kibbutz Ha'artzi team, which garnered 29½ points. The United Kibbutz Movement team was second with 27½ points, and Holon selected third with 26½ points.

KAVKASIAN INTERNATIONAL
WEST GERMAN GM Eric Lobron, who had just won the top board prize in the World Youth Team Championship in Chicago, continued his winning streak by coming out on top at the Kavkasian International at the Kavkasian Restaurant in Manhattan. Lobron coasted to a win with a 9½-4½ score. IM Igor Ivonov took second

place, with a 9-5 score, missing a GM norm and a tie for first place by only half a point. Tied for third, with a 3-5 score, were GMs Robert Byrne and Ron Henley and IM Sergei Kudrin.

IVANOV
1.Nf3 d5 2.e4 c6 3.d4 e5 4.ed5 ed5 5.g3 Ne6 6.Bg2 Nf6 7.0-0 Be7 8.Ne3 0-0 9.Be3 c4 10.Ne5 Qa5 11.Bg5! R8d2 e3 h6 13.Bf6 Bf6 14.f4 Bc5 15.f5 Bc6 16.Qh5 Rd7 17.Rad1 Rf8 18.a3 Qd8 19.h4 a6 20.Rd2 b5 21.Rd2 Qc7 22.g4 Qd8 23.g5 Ne7 24.Ne2 g6 25.Qh6 Nf5 26.Rf5 Rf5 27.Rf5 g5 28.Ng3 f6 29.Nf5 Rh7 30.Qg6 Kh8 31.g6 Rg8 32.h5! Rg6 33.hg6 Qd7 34.e4 de4 35.Be4 Kg8 36.Kg2 a5 37.d5 Qc7 38.d6 Qc5 39.gh7 Kh7 40.f7 Qc5 41.f8Q Qe4 42.Kg3 Qd3 43.Kf4. Black resigns.

ZALTSMAN
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 c6 3.Nf3 c5 4.d5 cd5 5.cd5 d6 6.Ne3 g6 7.c4 Bg7 8.Be2 0-0 9.0-0 Re8 10.Nd2 Nbd7 11.Kh1 Ne5 12.f4 Ng4 13.Rf3 Nh5 14.Qe1 f5 15.h3 Ngf6 16.c5 Bf5 17.g4 Ng4 18.hg4 Bg4 19.Kg2 Bc3 20.Be3 Qc7

21.Kf1 Nf4 22.Rf4 Bh3 23.Kg1 Qg5 24.Rg4 Qg4 25.Bg4 Re1 26.Kf2 Re1 27.Rc1 Bg4 28.Ne4 Rf8. White resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Khl: Qf7; Re2, Rf1; Bb3, Be3; Ne7; Pa2, b2, c2, e4, g2, h2. (13). Black — Kh8: Qa5; Ra8, Re8; Bg7; Ng4, Nh5; Pa7, b7, d6, g6, h7. (12).

1.Rf5! (1.Ne8? Ng3!) 1.— Ne5 (1.— g2 2.Qh5) 2.Ng6! Black resigns. If 2.— hg then 3.Rh5 gh4. Qh5 Bh6 5.Qh6x. IMestel-Giffard, Lucerne, 1982.)

ENDGAME ARTISTRY

White — Kd2; Re3. (2). Black — Khl; Pe4, d3. (3). Black to play and win.

1.— d2 2.Rc3! Kgl (2.— d1Q? 3.Rcl!) 3.Kb2 (3.Kbl Kf2 4.Rc2 Kc3! 5.Re3 Ke2 6.Rc2 Kd3! and wins; Or 3.Rc2 e3! 4.Kbl d1Q 5.Rcl c2, etc., as in the main variation) 3.— d1Q 4.Rcl c3 5.Kbl c2 6.Kb2 Kf2, and Black wins. (Study by I. Moravec, 1937.) □

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

SHOPPING JERUSALEM SERVICES JERUSALEM BY NIGHT

get more gold and diamond jewelry for your money.

Buy your gold chains, rings, bracelets, earrings and pendants, direct from the factory showroom and save up to 40% on retail price.

adipaz

The largest manufacturers and exporters of gold jewelry in the middle and far east.

46 Yeha Hamizra St., Tel Aviv, Jerusalem
Open Daily 9 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Friday 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.
For free transportation and no obligation call: 02-717225

Objects of Art and Jewellery
Antique and Modern
Esther Doron
Open 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. 4-7 p.m.
Tues. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. only
Fri. & Holiday 9 a.m. - 2 p.m.
9 Shimon HaMalka St.
Tel. (02) 227-226, Jerusalem

"THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL" is your best shopping guide.

For information and bookings contact:
38 Kanan Hayssad St., Jerusalem, Tel. (02) 689365, 639494, 680655
152 Hayekon St., Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 233120, 228410
or your travel agent

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

Unsolicited Testimonials

It's far tastier than you would have imagined possible. Most Jerusalem restaurants are a big disappointment. This week we had a pleasant surprise, and from this stems a warm recommendation for a great restaurant. The service is impeccable. Quality was good; the Sate skewers and the rice - very good. The beverages were an additional source of enjoyment.

The variety spans the traditions of the world - Italian, Greek, Chinese, Indonesian, and Indian. Exotic, delicate and intricate combinations of whole-some foods. Each is prepared with extreme care for detail.

Mr. & Mrs. Haberman-Browns (Israel Sprouts)
Allyn Fisher (New York Times)
"They are not only familiar with various tasty cuisines from East and West, but have produced their own innovative concepts with interesting variations of the original."

A la carte dinner - IS 750 only!
Now open also for lunch on Mon., Wed. & Fri.
9 Yeha Salomon St. (off Kikar Zion)
Tel. (02) 227-444

ZORBA the BUDDHA
the vegetarian restaurant

For the pure pleasure of gracious dining.
Open 7-9:30 pm except Sundays.
Relax - and any drink under the sun can be yours.
Open 10 am till the wee hours.
Great snacks around the clock.
Open 24 hours, 7 days a week.

Liberty Bell Garden, Jerusalem
Tel. (02) 683191

National Restaurant
(established in 1931)
Roof Garden
Gourmet Arabian Cuisine *Enjoy typical Arabian specialties and "mezas" while watching scenic Old Jerusalem.
Please call (02) 282246 for reservations
Open seven days a week
The National Palace Hotel, Al-Zahara St., East Jerusalem

Open seven days a week (11:30 am-midnight)
EAT ALL YOU CAN!
A complete and delicious meal - 12 kinds of Middle Eastern salads, any kind of meat - shishlik, cutlets, chicken or fish, all kinds of dessert, - and coffee or tea - all for \$11 incl. tax. Sat. open buffet only \$8 incl. tax. Children under 12 - free. Credit cards accepted.

9 Al Zahara St., East Jerusalem, Tel. (02) 284433, 289452

DALLAS RESTAURANT

fresh fish daily

* Fish restaurant
* Light meals
* Beautiful garden
* Reasonable prices
* Airconditioning
12 Aza St. (near King Hotel)
Tel. (02) 632813

SABRA, Jerusalem's new fish restaurant.
Chips and salads.
Free. Wine and drinks. TASTY & INEXPENSIVE. Bring the family for an easy-on-the-pocket evening.

KOBBEN SABRA
2 KING GEORGE

Open 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. only
Fri. & Holiday 9 a.m. - 2 p.m.
9 Shimon HaMalka St.
Tel. (02) 227-226, Jerusalem

OFF THE SQUARE
TWO RESTAURANTS
DAIRY AND MEAT
IN ONE

LIVE MUSIC
6 Yeha Salomon St.
Call (02) 242549 for reservations.

Oriental and international dishes, featuring live music nightly. Open noon-1 am. One amazing lush greenery next to a fountain - a veritable paradise for the lover of good food, nature and great live music.

Holland House
The First Dutch Restaurant
in Israel
* 14 varieties of pancakes
* blintzes, waffles, omelette
* coffee & cakes
All the specialties of Holland
at 28 Jaffa Rd. - 225739.
Opp. Main Post Office

KOBBEN SABRA
2 KING GEORGE

* The best variety of crepes in town * Onion soup, blintzes and pancakes * Choice of salad
* Open noon-midnight, Saturday 7:30 pm-midnight, Tel. (02) 242549

KOBBEN SABRA
2 KING GEORGE

Open 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. only
Fri. & Holiday 9 a.m. - 2 p.m.
9 Shimon HaMalka St.
Tel. (02) 227-226, Jerusalem

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

Cinematheque

DECEMBER 9 - DECEMBER 16
Fri. at 2 pm: The Man Who Would Be King John Huston
Sat. at 7:30 pm: Atlantic City USA
9:30 pm: Il Casanova Fellini
Mon. at 7 pm: Il Terto V. de Sica
9:30 pm: Miracolo a Milano de Sica
Tues. at 4 pm: The Thief of Baghdad
7 pm: Woyzeck Werner Herzog
7:30 pm: small hall The Scarlet Empress Joseph von Sternberg
9:30 pm: Belle de Jour Burt Reynolds
Wed. at 7 pm: Hamish Dan Wachman
9:30 pm: Summerfield
Thurs. at 7 pm: A Bridge Too Far
7:30 pm: small hall La Belle Americaine Robert Doherty
10 pm: Amici Miei
midnight: Mad Max II
Fri. at 2 pm: L'Avent Cosi-Gavras

Screenings at the new Cinematheque, Hobron Road, Tel. (02) 712192.
Library hours: Sun., Tues., Thurs. 9 am - 3 pm; Mon., Wed. 9 am - 9 pm; Fri. 9 am - noon.

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK
in support of Art and Culture

USEFUL INFORMATION
can be found in
"This Week in Israel"
the leading
tourist
magazine.

JERUSALEM

REAL ESTATE

TONIA BIER
Individual computerized
services by our
professional
team
8 Kanan
Hayekon St.
Ramat Hashikma, Jerusalem
Tel. 02-228231

For information and bookings contact:
38 Kanan Hayssad St., Jerusalem, Tel. (02) 689365, 639494, 680655
152 Hayekon St., Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 233120, 228410
or your travel agent

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

TEN TEAMS played in the Bermuda Bowl for the World Bridge Championship in which the U.S. emerged the winner, after defeating Italy, whose team featured Dolidunna and Gurozzo. The ten teams that played the tournament, representing their respective regions, were Brazil, Central America, France, Indonesia, Italy, New Zealand, Pakistan, Sweden and two teams from the U.S.

The two following deals are from the semi-finals:

Deal 1
Vul: N-S

North (D)
♠ J62
♥ K97654
♦ KJ43
♣ A86

East
♠ 854
♥ 3
♦ J1073
♣ Q10752

South
♠ AQ1073
♥ QJ82
♦ AKQ
♣ 9

The Bidding:
West North East South
20 2NT
Pass 30 Pass 60
Double All Pass

The Aces, North-South were in an impossible slam. They could lose two aces, but they made the slam. It seemed to West as though declarer must have a void in clubs. How else to understand South's precipitous jump to 6? The opening lead was the heart ace. For the lead to the second trick, West decided to shorten declarer's trump and win a

Ten-team tournament

BRIDGE
George Levinrew

club trick later with the ace. How wrong he was. Declarer led the choice of discarding three clubs from dummy on the high diamonds and then relying on the spade finesse. But he found a better plan than to rely on the 50 per cent chance in spades. He discarded only two spades. Then he established the spade suit for the discard of two more clubs.

Vul: Both
Deal 2

North
♠ AK3
♥ 986
♦ A6432
♣ K10

East
♠ J9874
♥ K10
♦ QJ108
♣ 53

South (D)
♠ 102
♥ AJ753
♦ 7
♣ AQ982

West North East South
20 2NT
Pass 30 Pass 60
Double All Pass

Op this deal between the French and the Italian, in which the French were North-South, they bid four hearts and made 12 tricks as follows:
A spade was led to the king in dummy and a heart continued. The ten was routinely played by East to the jack and queen. After winning a trick, declarer continued with

hearts, capturing the king with the ace. He then played on clubs, ruffing the fourth club. The diamond ace was played, a diamond ruffed in hand, the last outstanding trump was pulled and the contract was claimed for 680 points.

On the replay, the French outplayed Italy, who as North-South reached a six-hearts contract. The opening lead was the same, but when a heart was led for the second trick, East played the king rather than the ten, and declarer won with the ace. Clubs were continued by declarer who ruffed a third club but was over-ruffed by East with the ten. If declarer had first pulled trump, the defense would have won a trump and a club. To finesse the club ten, although it would have worked, would have been far-fetched. It was East's brilliant play of the heart king that led to the defeat of the contract. The score was 1,430.

RON KLINGER of Australia brings a new dimension to his bridge writing. In *World Championship Pairs Bridge* (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 167 pp., hard cover, 1983). In 69 deals from world championships played every four years from 1962, he does much more than merely report on results. He describes the bridge thinking of the top players in the world. He shows the choices before them and gives the readers points for decisions on these problems.

The following deal is No. 35 from pages 83-85, played in Stockholm in 1970 with 158 pairs participating.

Vul: E-W

North
♠ A9
♥ K2
♦ A97
♣ AK8532

West
♠ 753
♥ 5
♦ KQ632
♣ J974

East
♠ KJ4
♥ Q843
♦ J1084
♣ 106

South (D)
♠ 10862
♥ AJ10976
♦ 5
♣ Q

The bidding:
North South E-W pass throughout
10 30
3 2NT
4 60

North shows great power with his jump shift to three clubs, and his three no trump indicated a void. If there is any hope for a grand slam, further action is left to South. When South selects a suit, North places the small slam in his longest suit.

The opening lead was the diamond king to the ace. Declarer had three possible plans: 1. A heart finesse, and if it works, try to establish clubs. If the clubs do not split 3-3, guess the spade position. 2. Play spades at once, planning if necessary to trump a spade in dummy. You would then need to drop the heart, queen in two rounds. 3. Play to set up the club suit for extra winners on which to discard spades. The author assigns three rating points for choosing the third alternative.

Your next problem is how to play hearts. Three more rating points are awarded for cashing the heart



ace before leading a heart to dummy's king. The aim is to follow the heart king with a club to ruff, the club queen having been played. This avoids the slight risk of a 5-1 club split and West over-ruffing.

So you have won the heart ace and king. Then what? There is a two point rating for leading a low club from dummy and planning next to lead a low heart to the queen. If East then leads a diamond, you can ruff, draw the last trump, lead to the spade ace and run the clubs. However, East does not make it that easy. His lead was the spade king. You can no longer run the clubs. You must rely on a spade finesse of the nine. If it holds, you can continue clubs until East ruffs and you over-ruff.

Fifty-seven pairs reached six hearts, but only 17 pairs made the contract. This analysis is illustrative of the rich fare you will find in the book, which is highly recommended for all bridge students.

Sheriff Ronnie



TELEREVIEW
Phillip Gillon

SOME MONTHS ago I compared the Middle East serial put on each night by our news and feature services to a film epic about the taming of the West, with Arik playing the role of the paleface scout making Redskins bite the dust. This week we saw a sequel, but with a new actor: President Ronald Reagan is once more playing a cowboy part. Now, however, unlike in the old days, he is the hero, not the hero's noble friend who loses the lass in the end and rides disconsolately into the sunset.

The same analogy has apparently struck the Europeans, according to what we heard on Dan Raviv's mid-night debate between Victor Cygelman of *Na'el Observer* and Jay Bushinsky of CNN Cable News Network. Cygelman said that the Europeans are comparing Reagan to the quick-on-the-draw sheriff, prepared to shoot to protect his concept of what is right and lawful.

I remember, in the days of my boyhood, reading with wonder the Bar-20 novels of Clarence E. Mulford about a hell-raising knight in cowboy's chaps named Hopalong Cassidy (not to be confused with the feeble, do-gooder of television, who was given the same sobriquet). The original Hopalong eventually got some kind of luvman's badge and, claiming that his jurisdiction applied to wherever any of his friends happened to be, extended his writ to shoot people in every state west of the Mississippi.

Sheriff Ronnie is apparently applying Hopalong's principle to most of the planet earth. It is therefore very comforting to know that we stand so high on his list of the buddies entitled to have him firing from the hips with both guns blazing on our behalf. It is little wonder that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was smiling broadly when we saw him talking to former secretary of state Cyrus Vance.

He has every reason to be pleased with himself. In the short period that he has been premier, he has managed quietly to reverse several of his predecessor's most cherished policies. His latest achievement is to negate the cliché — repeated by Labour prime ministers long before Begin's term of office — that an American soldier would ever need to fight Israel's wars; that, on the contrary, our boys would be on the front line in the Middle East, defending American interests till hell freezes over.

The deaths of American marines and airmen are profoundly mourned, and we are all concerned about the wellbeing of the captured pilot; but we would be less than human if we did not feel in our hearts that we prefer Americans rather than Israelis to suffer the casualties.

Of course, nobody has said openly that the Americans are fighting for Israeli interests: quite the opposite. Jay Bushinsky in the above-mentioned interview, ex-president Gerald Ford and Secretary of State George Shultz, all talked as if the American action related entirely to American needs, and as if Israel were as remote from the field of operations as the moon. These defenders of Reagan's strong line against the Syrians and Druse stressed that the purpose of the attack was solely to protect the Americans. But it certainly suits us to have the Syrians smitten hip and thigh. And we were the people who turned Lebanon into a war zone in June, 1982 resulting in the mess that exists today.

Anyway, it was certainly not altogether unpleasant to play the

deceased although not lamented leaders. Ronnie's timing of tough action is perfect. It may be that they are still alive, but ill. In that case, I can only say, in the words of Osear Wilde on hearing that somebody he detested was sick, "Nothing trivial, I hope."

IT IS HARD to determine why the six-part explanatory series, *Before the Pillars of Fire*, is falling so flat. The 17-part serial about the birth and development of Zionism up to 1948 was a very remarkable achievement; Yigal Loshin has a pleasant and relaxed manner; we should never find Zionism tedious.

But the show about the show is not succeeding. Perhaps it suffers from being an anti-climax, perhaps it comes too soon after we quarrelled fiercely over the main show. When the serial was shown, we got very hot under the collar about the injustice done to the Hovevei Zion, or the yekkes, or the Sephardim, or the South Africans, or whoever we believe was the true embodiment of Zionism. What we are now seeing can generate as much heat as thoroughly soaked charcoal.

The analysis is like having a scientist trying to explain in terms of cybernetics the wonder of a Calvin Smith winning a sprint, or Muhammad Ali boxing in his prime.

The issue posed this week by Loshin was whether Zionism was colonialist and imperialist. To me, any argument that Zionism was either of these nasty things at the time when the Balfour Declaration was issued is just absurd; it clearly was not.

There is a real issue: did Zionism go wrong, and become twisted into an imperialist, colonialist movement, after 1967? I still get a feeling of fury and revulsion when the noble words of early Zionism, that used to ring like bugles, are debased and applied to what is going on in the occupied areas. But this, of course, is way beyond Loshin's purview.

ONE SHOW that has grown on me on time passes is *The Andros Targets*. At first I resented its not being *Lou Grant*, which I still miss. It seemed to me to be a cross between a second-class newspaper epic and a run-of-the-mill thriller, with production, direction and acting all floundering in subtlety.

But familiarity has made the heart grow fonder, and I am beginning to like Mike and his girl Friday, although some of his methods would never pass the high ethical standards of the Israel Journalists' Association. This week he had his girl pretend to be the daughter of a missing labour leader identifying her father's body in the morgue, a deception which induced the villain to dig up the concrete overcoat in which he had encased the trade unionist. How stupid can a murderer be?

Yet I find *Andros* exciting, and it does keep me awake late at night for *Not the Nine O'Clock News* — no mean feat.

ANYONE who has ever played cricket knows how memorable is the attainment of a century. Our shekel has now achieved the remarkable extinction, I mean distinction, of being worth a cent. This reminds me of a remark I heard, when somebody asked me in Hebrew how I was feeling, and I answered with the Hebrew idiom, "One hundred per cent." "Heaven's!" he exclaimed, "You must be very ill. In these days of inflation, you have to feel at least 200 per cent to be passably fit."

This Week in Israel·The MUSEUMS

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting Hours
Sun, Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm; Fri. & Sat. CLOSED
- Children under the age of 8 are not admitted.
- Organized tours must be pre-arranged. Tel. 03-425181, Sun.-Thurs. 9-1 pm.

Permanent Exhibits
The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

Chronosphere
A special audio-visual display depicting the migrations of the Jewish people.

EXHIBITIONS
- Jewish Communities in Spanish Morocco.

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
- "La Passante de Sans-Souci" The last film of Romi Schneider, with Michel Piccoli. Directed by Jacques Rouffio. The film is in French with English and Hebrew subtitles. Thursday, December 15 at 8.30 pm.

Admission fee: IS 200; for Members of Friends Association: IS 150.

Courtesy of: bank leumi בנק לאומי

EVENTS
1. "Interrelations between Hebrew and Yiddish Literature" A study evening in Yiddish and Hebrew on the occasion of the appearance of the bilingual publication "Gesharim-Briken". (In cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish Literature and Culture.) Participants: Yitzhak A. Orpaz, Rivka Beaman, Eliezer Podriaishik. Chairman: Yitzhak Korn.

Sunday, December 12 at 8 pm.

2. "The Future of Religious Zionism" A study evening. (In cooperation with "Kivunim", a publication on Judaism and Zionism published by the Information Department of the World Zionist Federation, Jerusalem.) Participants: Rabbi Yochanan Fried, Michael Nehorai, Dr. Yitzhak Rappaport. Moderator: Uri Nekras. Tuesday, December 13 at 8.30 pm.

3. "Religious Poetry of the Jews of Yemen" Third lecture in the series "The Study of Art and Folklore of the Jews of Yemen". (In cooperation with the school for Jewish Studies of Tel Aviv University and the "Eilat Atzmar" Association.) Lecturer: Dr. Yosef Tobl. Admission fee: IS 200.

Wednesday, December 14 at 7 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. 03-425181. Buses 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 48, 274, 572.

SHOPPING

LEMBERGER FURS

REAL ESTATE

Albert Zarco

Albert Zarco is your personal advisor on all aspects of Real Estate and Investment properties in Israel.
If you are interested in investing in a home, apartment or villa or if you prefer to invest in land, phone Albert Zarco: 484370 or drop by 42 Sokolov Street in Ramat Hasharon. He speaks your language — English, Spanish, Italian or French.

ZENTNER

The largest wholesaler and retailer in Israel for handbags, briefcases, suitcases and other leather goods.

Galei Nechess

Real estate, houses, villas, plots and businesses.
Special for tourists! Short- and long-term rentals of rooms, flats, villas, 270 Dizengoff St., Tel Aviv
Tel. 03-245036

UNIQUE HOSPITALITY PROGRAM

You're invited to join our hospitality program in Eilat & Tiberias for a long week-end for only \$109 (+vat) per couple.
For detailed information contact Tel Aviv 03-331281 ext. 28, 50, or 24. 03-33066 (special line — 15.00-14.30) Jerusalem 02-227431; Haifa 04-87624
TIBERIAS CLAR HOTEL
EILAT CLAR HOTEL
18 Riva St. Tel Aviv 87778

This Week in Israel·The Leading Tourist Guide·This Week

CAR RENTALS TEL AVIV CAR RENTALS TEL AVIV SERVICES

At Budget you're #1

For years car rental companies have been shouting about who's number one. Budget believes, in any service business there is only one number one, you, the customer. Budget knows who counts. And that's the difference you'll like. Budget — The latest growing car rental company in the world.

For reservations call:
Reservation Centre & Head Office:
Tel Aviv: 74, Patach Tikva Rd., Tel. (03) 336120
Ben Gurion Airport: (03) 571504-5, 922323, 24-Hr. Service.
Jerusalem: 14, King David St., Tel. (02) 248981-2-3
Haifa: 115, Salfit Rd., Tel. (04) 528186, 524474
Nahariya: Tzoref Hotel, 18 Meah Shearim St., (053) 33777-8
Eilat: Haimarim Bn. (Eilat Hotel) (069) 78130
Office Hrs. Sun-Thurs. 8 am-7 pm, Fri. 8 am-2 pm, Sat. Closed.

Budget rent a car

RENT A CAR

EUROTOUR

Only new models

Our special offer — off season prices

\$7 PER DAY

\$25 PER DAY UNLIMITED MILEAGE

\$68 PER DAY UNLIMITED MILEAGE

*Eurotour provides free transportation from your hotel to its office and back. *Possible to return car at the airport.

EUROTOUR

134 Hayarkon St., Tel Aviv
Tel. (03) 226823, 226160

KA'AMAT

PIONEER WOMEN
Tourist Department
Morning Tours

Call for reservations:
Tel Aviv: Histradrut Headquarters
93 Arlosoroff Street
Tel. (03) 258086, 431641
Jerusalem: 17 Strass Street
Tel. (02) 221631
Haifa: Tel. (04) 641781 ext. 241
See the inspiring work of Pioneer Women in Social Service Institutions throughout Israel

Get Turned On To Scuba Diving

A fascinating, fastgrowing sport, YOUR Sport

GREAT DEALS ON WHEELS

elkan rent a car

\$69 PER DAY UNLIMITED MILEAGE

\$7 PER DAY UNLIMITED MILEAGE

\$27 PER DAY UNLIMITED MILEAGE

OUR SPECIAL OFFERS!

Tel Aviv: 112 Hayarkon St.
Tel. (03) 280327, 280871
Jerusalem: 38 Karen Hayesod St.
Tel. (02) 636183, 698093
Ashdod: Tel. (055) 22724, 22284
Tel Aviv: 112 Hayarkon St.
Tel. (03) 280327, 280871

NOGA-THE TALK OF THE TOWN...

Designers and manufacturers of 14 and 18 kt gold jewelry set with diamonds and precious stones.

Retail showroom at Noga Hefla Ltd.
10 Zahel St., Kiryat Eliezer, Haifa
Tel. (04) 5282573

Open daily 8 am-7 pm (nonstop)
Tuesday 8 am-6 pm
Friday 8 am-1.30 pm

The Most Famous Chinese Restaurants in Haifa
PAGODA GHIN LUNG
OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER, AIR-CONDITIONED

1 Bat Galim Ave.
Bat Galim, Haifa
Tel. 04-524888

128 Hamael Ave.
Central Carmel, Haifa
Tel. 04-81308

Aqua Sport in Eilat

20 years of experience. A new experience awaits you! Call or write: Aqua Sport P.O.B. 300, Eilat
Coral Beach: 4 miles south of Eilat. Tel. 059-72788

מגזין הארץ

JOHN BUTLER'S *Medea*, which has become legend among modern dance creations, is to be staged by the Bat-Dor Company.

Premiered at the Spoleto Festival in Italy in 1975, it was the first work by a Western choreographer in which Baryshnikov appeared. He danced it with Carla Fracci, Italy's greatest ballerina, and the two appeared again in its first New York performances the following year.

The effect was so tremendous that a book of photographs by Thomas Victor, taken during the Spoleto rehearsals and entitled *The Making of a Dance*, with comments by Butler, Fracci and Baryshnikov and an introduction by Clive Barnes, was published in 1976.

Medea had been commissioned by producer Joseph Wisny for inclusion in a Spoleto tribute to composer Samuel Barber. Both Gian-Carlo Menotti, who founded the festival, and Wisny were close friends of Barber. They decided on an evening of music and dance. Who better than Butler to create a work for the occasion? Barber had originally composed the music in 1946 for Martha Graham who also used the *Medea* theme in her *Cave of the Heart* (seen here in 1966-67 staged by the Batseva Company and in 1979 by the Martha Graham Company).

Butler did not imitate the Graham work, which he knew well, as he had been a leading dancer in her company. Nor did he use the music the same way. The original score took 23 minutes, but Barber himself had condensed it for concert purposes to 15 minutes. Using the shorter version, he made the dance a duo.

"My choreography of *Medea* is not in any sense a narrative piece," he said during his stay in Israel.



LEGEND

DANCE
Dora Sowden

"The movement is based on emotional image. The two characters — *Medea* and Jason — are already into the tragedy."

The roles will be danced here by Jeannette Ordman and Reda Sheta.

"I have worked a great deal with female dancers with a strong dramatic presence," said Butler.

"All of my pieces tend to be theatre dance. I like working with Jeannette and Reda. Jeannette does dramatic roles extremely well, very strongly.

We move in the same landscape. I feel that Reda complements Jeannette — an excellent partner." (They have already appeared together in his *Othello*.)

DURING the past 12 months, Butler has been choreographing all over the world.

"I work a great deal in Australia, Italy, Germany (four different companies), also in the States, particularly with Alvin Ailey's company and the American Ballet Theatre but also with the Joffrey Ballet, the Pennsylvania Ballet and so on. And in Canada I recently completed my sixth work for *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens*. This is my eighth visit to Israel, and my sixth work for Bat-Dor. I have also done three works for the Batseva company — so it is obvious I like coming here."

It is interesting to note that in Venezuela, where he has worked with two different companies, *Medea* has been danced by Maria Barrios and Israeli Ofer Zaks.

From Israel Butler goes to France, Belgium and then to Italy to do a new work for Fracel. Then on to Mississippi, where he spent his youth, to do another work for the company there. This year, the state government declared October 14 a special John Butler Day, with the Mississippi Ballet staging a premiere of one of his works.

"I like working with different companies," says Butler. "I don't want to work only with one company and get into problems of politics and administration. I have been offered the directorship of many companies, but have always declined. I really want creative freedom."

Baryshnikov has described *Medea* as "a dialogue between two passionate people." About himself in the work he is quoted in Victor's book as saying: "This was the first time I worked with John, the first time I danced with Carla, the first ballet choreographed for me in the West, the first time at Spoleto, and the first time I rehearsed the same ballet in two continents and four cities — and it all ended up a duet!"

VISITORS to Israel during the past week were Dr. and Mrs. Geddon P. Dienes, of Budapest. He is adviser to the Hungarian Institute for Culture, particularly on dance, and he came to see what is going on here at the suggestion of Barry Swersky, a member of the executive dance committee of the International Theatre Institute.

During his stay, Dienes saw several companies, mostly in rehearsal. He found three of them

"unique." He said, "Companies like Bat-Dor and Batseva, however good, are what one may find in the world. The Inbal Dance Theatre is something on its own. The Kibbutz Company at Ga'aton has in its basis and organization a quality like nothing else anywhere. The Kol Demama [the group of hearing and deaf dancers] is truly unique."

His own work nowadays is out so much direct dance reviewing as feature-writing and lectures. He would be speaking about Israel on his return home, he said.

In Hungary, there is a classical company of 100 dancers serving two theatres. There are also modern companies in Pecs and other towns, very forward-looking, and five major folkdance companies. He would like some of the gifted young choreographers to come and see what is going on in Israel.

SUDDEN illness prevented Ruth Eshel from participating in her *Dolls* at Jerusalem's Train Theatre of the Liberty Bell Gardens last Saturday night. On the principle "the show must go on" her company of four carried on — dancers Arleta Ben-Chorin-Kimehi and Miehah Gihon with Yael Eshel to display the titles and Michael Zakim to play the clarinet effectively when taped music wasn't used.

The show deserved better premises — not such a tiny stage, such noisy floorboards, such an inadequate exit for performers. But, of course, this railway-carriage-into-theatre is intended for children with their vivid imaginations. I was told the morning session for them was crowded out happy.

Ingenious use of costumes testified to the inventiveness of the choreography, mainly by Eshel, assisted by Kimehi.

THE PARIS Sofitel is fairly empty in the month of August. A huge, sprawling, luxurious mausoleum on the outskirts of town, it is one of those showy, expensive hotels which are so like each other that you can't tell them apart. The Heliport next door ensures that the big shots can be flown to and from the airport, avoiding the traffic-jams and other irritations of old-fashioned car transport.

But it is August and there are no traffic jams. Indeed, there are hardly any Frenchmen in Paris. Most of them have gone away for *les vacances*. The Sofitel is silent as a tomb. A couple of blacks are polishing the floors and watering the plants. Behind the gift-shop counter oriental faces peer at you, eager to extend their services. You think nothing could be going on in such a peaceful place.

Then you walk down one lobby, up another corridor, past a couple of doors and suddenly you're on a movie set. There's everything there, actors, technical crew, cameras, lights, electric cable all over the floor. But it is all under control, organized. Apparently nobody has been told that filmmaking is a naturally chaotic process. And to top it all, the director in charge of it all is a rookie, a beginner who has never before attempted to make a feature film.

BY RIGHTS, he should be in a state of nerves, jumpy, biting his nails. Maybe he is but, at least while we are there, he manages to hide it. And maybe he is more composed and secure than others would be, for a good reason. Richard Dembo may never have made a movie on his own, but he has been in movies for many years.

Now in his late thirties, he started in his teens, with short subjects, graduated to being an assistant to many well-known French directors and then switched to the stage. For several years he was house director at the Paris Opera, part of the team responsible for keeping the original staging of an opera intact through the many inevitable changes of cast.

On the side, he made a reputation for himself as a script doctor, the person called in by a desperate producer a day or two before shooting starts to flesh out and give the plot a saving twist. If Dembo's name has never acquired any glamour for the public, it is only because this is an ungung profession, which rarely gets credit on the screen. But those in trouble know very well whom they should summon.

So, after having saved others, Dembo may feel quite confident that he can keep himself out of trouble. Confident enough to demand, before he signed the contract, that he be provided for his having all his Friday nights and Saturdays free. For Dembo is a *Hazer B'Tshuva*, a newly-observant Jew, who would not compromise his principles even for the chance of a lifetime. And wonder of wonders, in this profession known for its hectic schedules and round-the-clock activity, he got his way.

HOW COME? One explanation is that the producer's name is Arthur Cohn. The tall, gangly Swiss has strong feelings on the subject himself, and maybe this unusual demand may even have attracted him to the whole project. For one thing is obvious, Cohn doesn't care to produce normal pletures, pictures without a challenge.

Indeed, he is a strange type for a producer. While most of his colleagues argue that the more films

The manipulator



Bernhard Wicki, the referee, with the dissenting champion, Alexander Arbitt in "The Master's Play."

you make, the better the chances that some of them will be above average. Cohn is proud of having done only about a dozen films in his 20-year career. His batting average is very high, for with them he has scored three Academy awards. He won the Oscars for *Sky Above, Mud Below*, a documentary on New Guinea, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* and *Black and White in Colour*.

He is the kind of producer who hitches his projects along from the moment the first draft of the story is brought to him, until years later, when the films are played and then replayed on TV or redistributed for the nth time in the cinemas. Witness the Cohn Festival we had here on television.

He will send scripts back again and again until he is convinced that they are ready to be shot, which doesn't mean that he won't pester the author to add more fine touches in the course of the shooting. On the set he paces up and down, a hen clucking over her chicks and making sure they are all in the right place at the right time. Once filming is over, he has often kept the material in the editing room for months, fiddling with the montage until he feels there is nothing more he can contribute. Foreign language dubbing has been changed, music has been altered and as far as Cohn is concerned, it is never too late to improve the product.

Also, unlike other independent producers, he refuses to pre-sell his films. He won't show them to eventual distributors until he is satisfied that he has a finished movie on his hands. He has been known to get some fantastic deals from the toughest people in the business, and will keep on promoting a film long after it is out of his own hands.

Indeed, there are those who believe that Cohn is wasting valuable talent by restricting himself to film production. He is a unworldly businessman, a clever manipulator of men whose activities go way beyond show business into the worlds of finance and politics. But Cohn finds producing films enormously satisfying, especially when he can pull out of his hat a surprise ace such as *Black and White in Colour*, a movie without stars, made by a then unknown director,

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

Jean-Jacques Annaud, which turned out to be an international hit and a critics' favourite.

FLASHBACK to a couple of evenings before the visit to the Sofitel location. In the posh Prince de Galles, the status-symbol restaurant off the Champs Elysees, Cohn and Dembo are sitting across the table from us, dinner disposed of, elaborating on their project, *The Fool's Gambit*.

Dembo is talking about a pure encounter of minds, a competition between intellects. Cohn presses him to be more specific, brings him down to earth. Dembo begins again and the plot slowly emerges — a story about a young Russian chess master, Pavlus Fromm, who can't get a shot at the world title on home ground, because the powers that be want to keep the reigning champion, who also happens to be the young challenger's mentor, in his seat. Fromm defeats, leaving his wife behind, and from his refuge in the West demands, and gets, a chance to meet the champion for the title.

Shades of the Korchnoi-Karpov match? Sure, only upside down. For Korchnoi, the defector, was the older of the two, while in the movie, it is Liebkind, the Soviet flag-bearer, who could be his opponent's father. But once you browse through the script, or listen to Dembo going into details, it is clear that the tempestuous Fisher-Spaaky encounter and all the histrionics around it have left their imprint too. Finally, Dembo points out, defectors, dissidents, Soviet participation in international tournaments, all are very fashionable subjects, discussed at length not only on professional sports pages, but also by political analysts and dabblers in mass psychology.

Another drink and a quick survey of the cast, which includes Miehah Picolet as the old master and Leslie Caron as his worried wife; two outstanding Polish actors, Daniel Olbrychski and Wojciech Pszoniak (Robespierre in *Wajda's Danton*); and Liv Ullmann, the superb Norwegian actress who has been Ingmar Bergman's inspiration for years, as Marina Fromm, the wife left behind in Russia, who unwittingly becomes a pawn in the psychological warfare between the two camps.

As for the lead, at one time both Cohn and Dembo considered the possibility of using Richard Dreyfuss, a chess enthusiast who

among them), the plot should have led to a confrontation between two different oppressions: the blunt, aggressive, heavy-handed Communist brand, as opposed to the subtler, more sophisticated but no less deadly capitalist kind.

Dembo has no intention of bowing to this particular fashion. His story may not directly concern the Jewish problem or Jewish rights in the USSR, but he has no doubts about which side he is on. There is no place left for individuals when patriotism and socialism and a dozen other "isms" have monopolized the scene. And in any case, the Jewish problem is forgotten. Liebkind, the title-holder, is Jewish. In a crisis he will revert from Russian to Yiddish, and at a crucial point in the story he encourages his private doctor, who has been brought from Moscow to treat him at the Geneva tournament (for that is where the world championship takes place), to slip through the secret service net and join his two sons in Israel.

To be on the safe side and avoid accusations of Zionist propaganda because of his Jewish origins, Dembo stretches the picture further. Liebkind may be Jewish, but his team displays a deliberate variety of ethnic backgrounds. There are Armenians, Ukrainians, Estonians, Georgians and a shrink with definitely Mongolian features. And, again not by accident, they display no great affection either for each other or for Mother Russia, who has embraced them in her strangling bear-hug.

Another drink and a quick survey of the cast, which includes Miehah Picolet as the old master and Leslie Caron as his worried wife; two outstanding Polish actors, Daniel Olbrychski and Wojciech Pszoniak (Robespierre in *Wajda's Danton*); and Liv Ullmann, the superb Norwegian actress who has been Ingmar Bergman's inspiration for years, as Marina Fromm, the wife left behind in Russia, who unwittingly becomes a pawn in the psychological warfare between the two camps.

As for the lead, at one time both Cohn and Dembo considered the possibility of using Richard Dreyfuss, a chess enthusiast who

would have felt very much at home in this kind of story. When it turned out that there was no chance of getting the American star, they preferred a relative unknown, not only because of his talent, but also because his own story isn't all that different from Fromm's. Alexander Arbitt is a young Russian actor who threw up a promising career in Moscow and left for the West. He has been in Paris for several years, getting hardly any work on the stage, and this is his first real break on the big screen. His frustration and anger are certainly attuned to the part he has to play.

NOW, BACK to the Sofitel. These are still the early days of shooting. The big stars — Caron, Picolet, Ullman — haven't yet joined the team. In the small reception room, Dembo is applying the final touches before the camera starts rolling. The scene is a crucial one: the defuncting master's first press conference in the West. At one end of the room, on a small podium, Fromm sits with the newly-acquired team of Western chess mavericks who will support him in the coming battle. Among the 20 or so stand-ins supposed to be reporters hungry for a scoop are some real journalists, getting an early glimpse of the production, some professional actors, and the French co-producer, Martine Marignac, who, for the fun of it, will be one of the inquisitive newshawks prying into the champion's private life.

Behind the camera, Raoul Coutard, one of the New Wave's finest gifts to cinematography, is quietly guiding his own team and at the appropriate moment drops a suggestion to the director that is accepted with gratitude. Work proceeds at that infusing tempo which has brought many stage-trained to the conclusion that the most difficult part of filming is the waiting. Slowly, the scene takes shape; the press conference starts routinely, and builds up gradually, and reaches its climax when Fromm grabs a little man in a raincoat who is just about to leave the room and reveals him as a KGB agent masquerading under the guise of a reporter for the *Red Army Gazette*.

At noon, outside the hotel, actors, technicians, producers and stars all gather in the mess tent. After all, there is no occupation more important for a Frenchman than eating and food and wine have to be of a certain standard if you want to keep your employees happy. Once again, between courses, Cohn and Marignac stress that this is not a drama about chess, but about the people behind it. Sure, watching two persons move pieces on a black and white board is not all that exciting, but hopefully, what makes them tick will be. Hopefully, for no one can be sure until a final cut is ready, whether all the palpitating moments so carefully planned really work out there on the screen.

LAST WEEK, a phone call: Arthur Cohn lets us know that the movie has a new title, *The Master's Play*. It turns out that there was once a romantic thriller entitled *The Fool's Gambit*. True, finding names that have never been used before and sound pungent enough, is a difficult job. If everything goes according to plan, Cohn hopes to have the film ready for a spring release, and, as he has done in the past, he wants to have the world premiere in Israel. There is no commitment as to date, but one thing is certain: it won't happen before Cohn is good and ready for it.

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

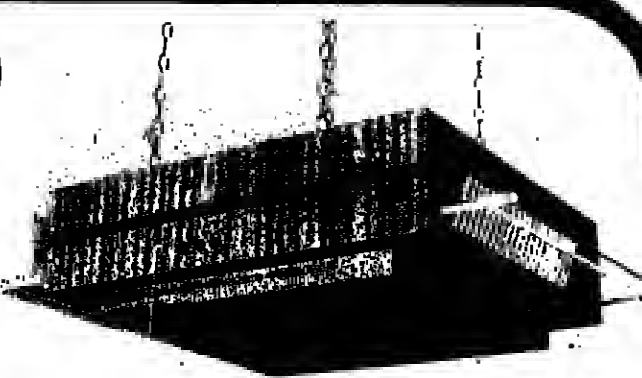
MODULION 2000

THE FIRST HIGHLY EFFICIENT INSTITUTIONAL ION GENERATOR
CLEANS AND ENRICHES THE AIR ELECTRONICALLY

MODULION is a sophisticated air ionizer and an electronic air cleaner that uses a minute amount of electricity to generate billions of negative ions (charged air molecules). In addition to enriching the air with vital negative ions it shoots down dirt that is circulating in the air before it can reach the lungs.

- MODULION 2000 is equipped with high output ion generator (11KV) and with two high pressure, high volume tangential blowers that circulate the air in the room through exclusive carbon filaments ionizing elements (patent pending). MODULION 2000 enriches the air with negative ions and actually rebuilds the ion count indoors.
- MODULION 2000 cleans the air from solid pollutants: dust, cigarette smoke, soot, pollen, and reduces household odors.
- MODULION 2000 reduces substantially the number of airborne bacteria indoors, thus reducing the danger of contagious diseases.
- MODULION 2000 has a rich walnut cabinet that decorates every interior.

AIR IONS An ion is a molecule that has gained or lost an electron. Molecules with extra electrons form negative ions and have a positive effect on the environment. They neutralize odors and contribute to the clean air and fresh smell we find in non-industrial, sparsely populated areas. Positive ions are produced by car and factory exhausts, cigarette smoke, dust, soot and other pollutants. Out in wide open spaces these pollutants are attracted to the negative ground where the discharge is harmless. But in the enclosed environment of modern society they cannot be discharged to the earth.



Research tests carried out by the RESEARCH INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL HEALTH at the Tel Aviv University, Ramat Aviv have found that:

- AMCOR'S MODULION air ionizer is highly efficient in removing cigarette smoke. It reaches 80% efficiency under the test conditions after 10 minutes of operation. MODULION retains its high efficiency during many repeated tests.
- MODULION 2000, made by AMCOR-Isreal, without blowers, is efficient in removing cigarette smoke from a standard room.
- MODULION 2000, made by AMCOR-Isreal, is very efficient in removing cigarette smoke from a standard room.

sole distributors: RISKY CLINIC
21 RABUTZKI ST., RAANANA 43220
TEL. 052-24088, 31820.

AMCOR

Jerusalem branch: CLAL CENTER,
97 Jaffe Rd., shop no. 207,
TEL. 02-242780.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

מכרז מן האסל

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1983

Private grief

Gil Goldfine

"IT'S UGLY, but sad, Mommy," remarked an eight-year-old boy as he looked attentively at "Everyone's Sitting," a new, eloquently stated, sculptural installation by ceramicist Zlana Shimshi.

Anti-war statements are never pretty, and those by local artists predictably hit out at the political scene more than they react to the essential calamity of what happens, during and after wars, to people's lives — in short, the human factor. Shimshi's sculptural piece is a direct, monumental statement about the ordinary folk down the street or in the next apartment; those who have no recourse other than to lament and seek justice within themselves.

Shimshi is able to use her medium of unglazed, fired clay to describe a wide spectrum of situations and emotions. Her larger-than-life environment comprises 25 truncated rectangular pillars (approximately 60 cm high) on which nine large, armless, male figures are dispersed, each one dying or dead of battle wounds. Cast aluminum shapes increase Shimshi's dramatic narrative as RPG shells penetrate the torso, or funnel shapes enter and exit the body as if they symbolized vehicles for bullets or the channelling of blood.

The use of raw, unglazed clay in a Shimshi characteristic, which works especially well in this piece because of its close affinity to the "land." "Everyone's Sitting" is contemporary archaeology. The graveyard (pillar) stelae are coordinates of the armless figures, symbolic of man's inability to put into action the manifestations of his mind; the demise of creativity, production and initiative.

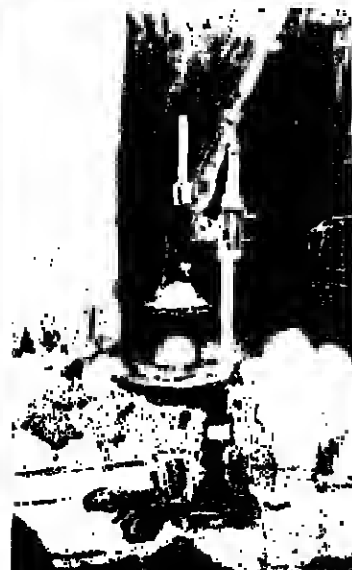


Zlana Shimshi: ceramic sculpture (Herzliya Museum).

In addition to the square necropolis, Shimshi shows "The Shadow of a Man is not a Man" a series of seven colossal flat figures braced against the walls and floor. Designed in a harsh naturalism, with grotesque features and shattered bodies, Shimshi attributes to each figure a totemic effigy, from beer cans to a laurel wreath and sacrificial objects.

Shimshi's shards represent an encounter with human behaviour that is both accepting and defiant, contemptuous and sympathetic. The gallery space, with its barren cement wall and low black ceiling is supportive of the composition's note of condemnation and helps preserve the moralistic overtones. (Herzliya Museum, Yod Lebanim, Wolfson Street). Till Jan. 4.

USUALLY A DEN of progressive avant guardism, the Kibbutz Gallery offers a delightful show of ceramic figurines by Bat-Sheva Sheflin, a member of Kibbutz Hefziboh who settled in the Emek in 1932, direct from Berlin. Sheflin has been modelling her little people for the past 35 years. Paralleling Helenistic Tanagra terracottas,



Amos Rabin: painting (Binet Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Sheflin's single characters and group arrangements are all part of an extended anthropological epic, for her art describes, humorously and in quixotic narration, the community life of the kibbutz in all its aspects: tractor drivers and wagons, kiddies off to school and kindergarten, the choir, string quartet, family on Shabbat, etc. The impact of Sheflin's living society is embodied in her scores of "cartoonish" volumes which are, nevertheless, very believable, because the artist's keen observational sculpting of anatomical forms is tied to an awareness of gestural simplicity. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 22.

SCANNING a crowded Tel Aviv street from the business side of a kiosk counter is the subject of Amos Rabin's large oil paintings. The closely cropped compositions and scumbled surfaces capture an intimate corner of this country's street life. And in a very European manner, the vantage point is from the eye of the artist as a juice squeezer. As a central theme, Rabin compositionally juxtaposes a harsh,



Bat-Sheva Sheflin: ceramic composition (Kibbutz Art Gallery, T.A.).

tightly silhouetted mechanical "juicers" or soda dispensers against spherical oranges and grapefruits, or against translucent glasses, bottles and shelves. He also uses background light as a reversal of the accepted formula of painting going from atmospheric foregrounds to less obtrusive backgrounds.

Several other canvases display candid views of empty street corners and flat building facades. Here, Rabin orders categorical space like Hopper and uses the same mellowing palette, attempting to describe the light and temperament of the inner city but, unlike Hopper, includes no people or the mysterious quality of the unseen, but felt, figure.

Rabin's painting technique is a natural one, with no illusion and little expressionism, a combination of Bonnard, and Ensor, but without the fantasy. (Binet Gallery, 63 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 26.

PAINTINGS describing scores of animated figures scurrying in and about the piazzas of Italy rely on the idea behind the art instead of the art itself. Ygal Zemer's paintings of "Man versus Culture" should comment on a facet of the title or what the title implies. Instead they merely confuse the issue and are irrele-

vant in relation to the theme. The colourful forms, always traced by long grey shadows, dance and prance before graphito renderings of classical buildings. But one element hardly relates to the other and the pictures fall apart at the seams. Further, Zemer's figures are formless and his gestures shapeless. He should have a careful look at artists like Guardi or Canaletto.

SHRAGA WEIL is surely one of our best technicians. His ability to organize surface designs using visual "systems" of vastly different origins is remarkable and they are handled with subtlety and finesse. "Leaves and Feathers" is a large group of beautifully brushed watercolours. Both "weightless" objects, the leaf and the feather, casually fall and billow in space as wet-in-wet shapes; or are elsewhere rendered a bit more tightly as contoured sketches on puddled abstract fields. A natural richness is achieved by Weil's warm palette of olive greens, yellows, rust, grey blue and slaps of red overlaid with gold leaf.

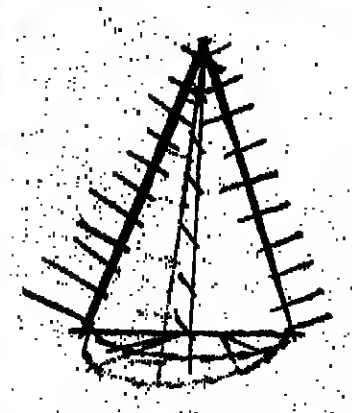
Weil paints themes rather than pictures. His images are partners with other images, real or abstract. The final product is a decorative pronouncement of the chosen object. He paints variation after variation, each falling into linear webs and overlapping shapes, yet coming in the end to a great deal of clarity.

One gets the feeling that Weil can bang out his pictures with his eyes closed. His mannerisms are his trademark and his craftsmanship is his saving grace. What is lacking is a deep appreciation of what goes on beyond the first layer of the picture plane. (Safrai Gallery, 23 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 16.

SMALL BLACK and white and coloured woodcuts and line cuts by Yaakov Porat are adequate attempts at linear printmaking. Nudes, figures and portraits are the subjects and Porat synthesizes facial or bodily features against the rough cut on a facet of the title or what the title implies. Instead they merely confuse the issue and are irrele-

tones of insult, although the actual Arab dog, the *croant*, is a genus to itself. One work, however, goes further than the others: it depicts the *kelev arov* with what seems to be a bullet wound in its neck, while some while tree branches are affixed to the lower part of the work to form the word *rov* (good) which rather suggests that the only good Arab (dog) is a dead one. I'm sure that Ayal isn't suggesting that this is his own point of view; he seems to be offering this as a critical view of the views of others. However what concerns us here is also the question of whether all this is also rendered as good and interesting art. The answer, once you have got past the message, is negative.

Finally, there is Meir Salama, another *sabro* Bezalel graduate, who makes very personal small-scale mixed-media works based chiefly on tenuous and even tentative pencil drawings of an expressionist — sometimes almost cartoon — bent. The overall theme is the time-worn one of Death and the Maiden, the helplessness of the latter being emphasized by her armlessness. Salama varies the treatment largely by working on different surfaces, from smooth card to what appears to be stone like, the latter surface being treated with great sensitivity. (Jerusalem: Artists' House). Till Dec. 21.



Yiftah Brakin: wood sculpture (Jerusalem Artists House).

lywood. His widow, who lives in Israel, is a leading supporter of the Bezalel Academy and has generously offered to use all the proceeds of sales from this show to establish scholarships to Bezalel. Collectors of the period should be particularly interested. Students should also take a look at what a stick of charcoal can accomplish in the hands of a master. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben-Maimon, J'lem). Till Dec. 31.

THREE BEZALEL graduates, of the Sixties, two of whom now teach at the Art Department of Haifa University, are showing at the same

venue, but that's about all they have in common. Yiftah Brakin (b. Israel, 1945), last seen in the Capital quite a few years ago, is something of a real original. His low-key, austere line and area abstractions, painted and drawn on paper, are, in composition, quite unlike anything else on our scene and the more you look at them the more you find. A pity that his subtle colour comes into contact with the unpleasantly coloured card on which the works are mounted; these interesting paintings are almost killed by the framing. Brakin also shows a number of tool and machine-like "sculptures in line," composed of thin slivers of yellow pinewood. Those hung on the wall are basically freezes and also rather decorative; but the floor piece, which vaguely echoes a combine-harvester and the one on a plinth, which looks like a combination of a plough and a cotton-gin, are particularly interesting. These pieces work volumetrically as well as in line and the floor piece has its own internal linear rhythm.

The mixed-media works by Avishay Ayal (b. Israel, 1945), some of them combining collage and assemblage, are a dog of another colour. Most are in pastel and most of them employ an expressionist drawing of a dog accompanied by the painted Hebrew script *kelev arov* (Arab dog), with all the over-

Freud the illustrator

Meir Ronnen

THE FREUDS were a talented lot. Old Sigmund of course, is an immortal. His grandson Lucien is well known as one of Britain's leading painters and perhaps its most important contemporary portraitist. Less well known is the fact that a niece of Sigmund's, the daughter of his sister Marie and Moritz Freud, himself a cousin of Sigmund's father Jacob, was once one of Germany's most distinguished modernist illustrators of children's books. Her books and some of her original sketches are now on show at the Israel Museum's Youth Wing.

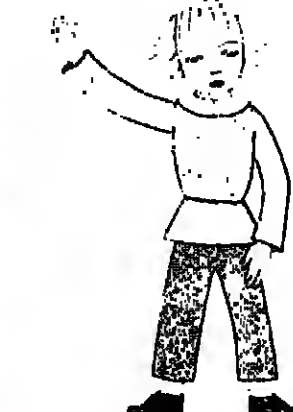
Martha Gertrude Freud (1892-1930) was known to a generation of Germans as Tom Freud; she adopted this masculine name at the age of 15. She not only illustrated books for children but also wrote them. She also designed wooden toys, moveable dolls and pages with moveable elements (enlarged models of which have been constructed at the Youth Wing for young visitors to play with).

Tom Freud was born in Vienna but her family soon moved to Berlin. She had two older sisters and a younger brother. Her first two books were written by her in London at the age of 17, at the beginning of a two-year stay in England; and she illustrated her hand-written calligraphy with watercolours in the *art nouveau* or *Jugendstil* manner.

In Berlin, during 1914, Tom and her older sister Lilly, a successful actress, created a joint programme of a story hour for children. Tom wrote the stories and riddles and painted the pictures which were projected from large slides, while Lilly narrated the text. About 52 of these slides have survived, illustrating five or more unknown stories, only two of which were published: "Die Babylieder" (Berlin 1914) in which both verses and paintings are by the artist; and "Das Neue Bilderbuch" (Munich 1918), text by Stora Mox, published also in Swedish in 1919 and considered the best book of the year, 1918.

Soon after the war Tom settled in Munich and moved in a circle of young Jewish intellectuals, among them Gershom Scholem and S.J. Agnon. She was apparently already quite well known as an illustrator for the Schocken publishing house asked her to illustrate a Hebrew A.B.C. written by Agnon. Unfortunately, Schocken didn't like the illustrations, which were never published.

Soon afterwards Tom moved to Berlin, where she met Polish-born Jankew Seidmann. They were married in 1921, and their daughter Angela was born in 1922 (she is today Aviva Harari of Ramat Hasharon and helped with exhibits and aspects of this show). The period of 1921 up to her early death in 1930 saw the full blossoming of Tom's talent. She brought out two Hebrew books and one German book, all in her new unique *Neue Sachlichkeit* style, a formalized realism that was easy to absorb yet gentle enough to convince young readers that the characters were



Tom Freud: illustration for "Wishes Fulfilled," 1930.

from a world with which they could identify. The Hebrew books were written by Chaim Nahman Bialik, who was also a partner in the publishing firm of "Ophir" together with Jankew Seidmann. In the small advertising brochure to the Ophir books, Bialik explains the principles of good publications for young children. Clearly, all three partners involved in the venture felt that they were pioneering in the creation of new, excellent Hebrew books for the young — as indeed they were.

The beauty of the two books *Sefer Hadevarim* (1922) and *Essex Sihat Li'ladim* (1923) derives also from their printing method. Unlike previous lithographs, these were hand-coloured. First the line-drawing was printed in black, then the transparent water-colour was applied with the aid of a stencil. Thus these books retain something of the quality of original hand-painted watercolours.

The forthcoming plans of Ophir publications announced in the above-mentioned brochure included several other books of Tom's: *The Rabbits' Book*, *Folk songs*, *The Fish* (translated into



Tom Seidmann Freud and her husband Jankew, with baby Angela (Aviva) in 1923. Their joint publishing venture was to bring their tragedy.

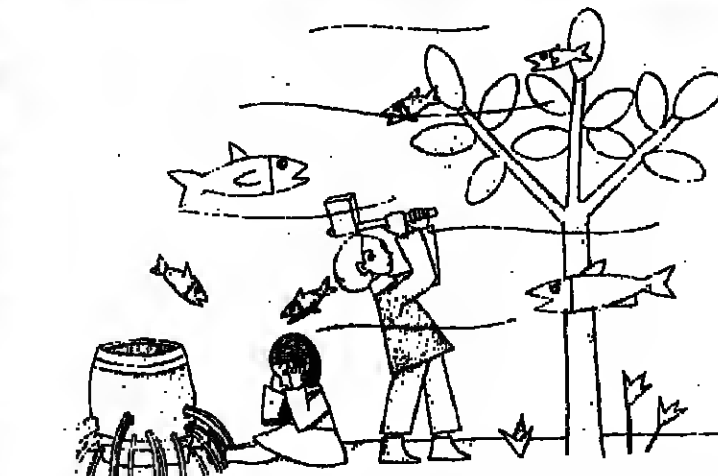


Illustration by Tom Freud to "Essex Sihat," (Ten Fairytales For Children) Berlin, 1923, shortly to be available again in facsimile, at the Israel Museum.

Hebrew by Bialik from texts by Tom or Jankew, as well as *The Boy in the Forest* written by Bialik himself. Due to a break between Bialik and the Seidmanns these never materialized. Bialik took the texts with him when he settled in

Palestine soon after 1924, and, nastily enough, published the story of the rabbits and others as folktales, without mentioning Tom Seidmann Freud as the author. The book *Essex Sihat Li'ladim* was not simply a Hebrew version of

the book *Kleine Märchen* (1921) — not only because the language and printing methods were different, but also because it exemplified the final break with *Jugendstil*.

The *Fischreite* (Hamasas in Hebrew and *Peregrin and the Goldfish* in English) came out in 1924, as well as *Die Hasengeschichten*, with its charming precursor of Bugs Bunny. But the highest point in Tom's career was reached in 1927 when she brought the lovely *Wunderhaus* to completion, followed by *Das Zauberboot*. These two books were made "to be turned, moved and transformed" with their simple yet complex challenges to the young reader — and as such they were outstanding both artistically and pedagogically. At the same time she worked on three other books, published only after her death: *Hurra wir lesen* (Hurray We Can Read), *Hurra wir rechnen* (Hurray We Calculate), *Hurra wir schreiben* (Hurray We Write). These are excellent work-books, amazing in the variety of activities offered to the child. Incidentally, several of Tom Freud's books were also published in Sweden and the U.S.

The lives of Tom and her husband Jankew Seidmann ended tragically in 1930. According to Ronald W. Clark, Jankew committed suicide when his publishing house went bankrupt and Clark reports in his biography of Freud that Sigmund went to visit the widow and her seven-year-old daughter. Sigmund had earlier described Seidmann as a "decent, honest fellow."

Tom was inconsolable. She virtually stopped eating, and died four months later.

Most of Tom Seidmann Freud's books disappeared during the Nazi period, and her name was virtually forgotten. But our own interest in Tom Seidmann Freud today is not merely historical. The director of the Youth Wing and curator of this show, Ayala Gordon, has rightly written that the vitality and excellence of her books are such that today's young readers would benefit from reprinting.

In the meantime, the Youth Wing, with the help of Aviva Harari and the Dubek Co., is publishing a facsimile of *Essex Sihat* (Ten Fairytales For Children). It will be on sale at the Museum shop from the end of this month, at ISL 200. □

Forgotten master

Meir Ronnen

I DARE SAY most readers have never heard of Gyula Zilzer 1898-1969). But an exhibit of his drawings, lithographs and etchings show that he was an extraordinarily talented graphic artist, an expressionist in the German tradition. His beautifully rendered and truly powerful charcoal portraits of men recall similar works by George Grosz and affinities with that master artist also crop up in some of Zilzer's portraiture etchings, though Zilzer was not in any way an imitator. What the two men had in common was a certain virtuosity and the style of the Twenties; and it comes as no surprise to learn that they were exhibited together in Paris as Expressionists back in 1926.

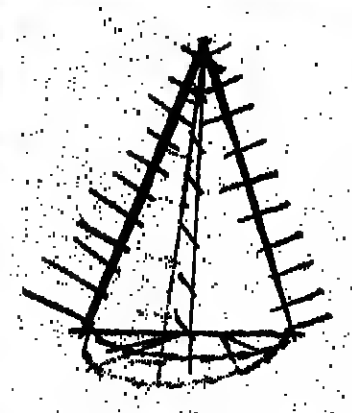
Zilzer was born and trained in Budapest before going to Hans Hoffmann's Academy in Munich in 1923. In 1926, after moving to Paris, he published his fatefully prophetic album of lithographs *Gas Attack* (also at this gallery) in which he



Gyula Zilzer: portrait, charcoal, 1931 (Nara Gallery, J'lem).

foresaw a Holocaust brought on by oil attack: the album contains a foreword by Romain Rolland. The following year some of his works exhibited in Moscow were acquired by the Pushkin Museum (his work is also to be found in New York's Metropolitan and Museum of Modern Art and in German and Hungarian National Museums).

Zilzer moved to the U.S. in 1932 but he continued to be exhibited all over Europe. Between 1939 and 1948 he worked as an art director and production designer in Hol-



Yiftah Brakin: wood sculpture (Jerusalem Artists House).

lywood. His widow, who lives in Israel, is a leading supporter of the Bezalel Academy and has generously offered to use all the proceeds of sales from this show to establish scholarships to Bezalel. Collectors of the period should be particularly interested. Students should also take a look at what a stick of charcoal can accomplish in the hands of a master. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben-Maimon, J'lem). Till Dec. 31.

THREE BEZALEL graduates, of the Sixties, two of whom now teach at the Art Department of Haifa University, are showing at the same

venue, but that's about all they have in common. Yiftah Brakin (b. Israel, 1945), last seen in the Capital quite a few years ago, is something of a real original. His low-key, austere line and area abstractions, painted and drawn on paper, are, in composition, quite unlike anything else on our scene and the more you look at them the more you find. A pity that his subtle colour comes into contact with the unpleasantly coloured card on which the works are mounted; these interesting paintings are almost killed by the framing. Brakin also shows a number of tool and machine-like "sculptures in line," composed of thin slivers of yellow pinewood. Those hung on the wall are basically freezes and also rather decorative; but the floor piece, which vaguely echoes a combine-harvester and the one on a plinth, which looks like a combination of a plough and a cotton-gin, are particularly interesting. These pieces work volumetrically as well as in line and the floor piece has its own internal linear rhythm.

The mixed-media works by Avishay Ayal (b. Israel, 1945), some of them combining collage and assemblage, are a dog of another colour. Most are in pastel and most of them employ an expressionist drawing of a dog accompanied by the painted Hebrew script *kelev arov* (Arab dog), with all the over-

tones of insult, although the actual Arab dog, the *croant*, is a genus to itself. One work, however, goes further than the others: it depicts the *kelev arov* with what seems to be a bullet wound in its neck, while some while tree branches are affixed to the lower part of the work to form the word *rov* (good) which rather suggests that the only good Arab (dog) is a dead one. I'm sure that Ayal isn't suggesting that this is his own point of view; he seems to be offering this as a critical view of the views of others. However what concerns us here is also the question of whether all this is also rendered as good and interesting art. The answer, once you have got past the message, is negative.

Finally, there is Meir Salama, another *sabro* Bezalel graduate, who makes very personal small-scale mixed-media works based chiefly on tenuous and even tentative pencil drawings of an expressionist — sometimes almost cartoon — bent. The overall theme is the time-worn one of Death and the Maiden, the helplessness of the latter being emphasized by her armlessness. Salama varies the treatment largely by working on different surfaces, from smooth card to what appears to be stone like, the latter surface being treated with great sensitivity. (Jerusalem: Artists' House). Till Dec. 21.

Escaping rigidity

HELENA MARKSON, English born and a very skilled printmaker, has taught in London and at the Bezalel Academy; she is now a senior lecturer at Haifa University. Her impeccable colour etchings, both abstracts and formalizations of landscape, are in the rigid and rather literal style of the British school of the last few decades; but a delightful exception is her almost abstract-expressionist "Yellow Flower." Next to it is a splendid drawing of an *amorinus*, indicating that flowers could be her forte. A more recent break with her prior tightness are some charming little pen drawings, evidently meant as gentle satirical comments on Swan Lake — or was the satire the choreographer's idea? (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem). Till Dec. 22.

Art v. Law

OWING TO lack of space, a paragraph was cut from my article "Art versus Law" in last Friday's *Post*. The symposium on the artist's "moral right" was organized by Judge Shoshana Berman, with the assistance of Mishkenot



Helena Markson: "Swan Lake", drawing (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem).

She'ananim and the United States Information Service, which organized the stay of the American participants. The symposium's honorary Chairman was former Supreme Court President Moshe Landau.

MEIR RONNEN

Symbolism v. surrealism

FELIX LACHOWICZ does oils under the surrealist influence. For the purposes of this review, the essential in surrealism, now that its original theory has died out, is that it must never give a clear explanation, whether by untidiness in a subject's positioning (the case of this artist's various "Lemons") or by functionalism and realism out of joint, e.g. "Pictures in an Exhibition" where the single electric bulb illuminates the empty black canvas, while partly visible paintings are lit by their bright colours. Lachowicz's mistake lies in settling for the directness of symbolism instead of surrealism's mystery. Take his diatribes against war: "Steel Helmet" is a self-explanatory symbol; on the other hand, why is "Head" only seen from the back without any clue to its owner? Since the artist, like all surrealists, is an excellent craftsman, it is not always easy to classify his work. "Daily Routine," a very good still life of domestic cleaning implements, must be regrettably defined as more symbolism. Two canvases hanging side by side, "Walking

Stiek" and a neatly rolled "Umbrella," although separate, may be intended to imply an unknown content between man and woman; and certainly a gigantic "Cork" in no setting, excites a question just on the basis of its size. (Belt Chagall, Haifa). Till Dec. 14.

DAVID NAVOT'S oil landscapes from 1928-83 are naturally swayed by the dark colours and often indistinct forms prevalent here in his youth. Nevertheless, like many others at that time, he has his valid foundation viz., a flat two-dimensionalism capably eased by the use of planes e.g. "Old Buildings," somewhat higher-toned in "Winter Landscape" and "Galilee Landscape" (placed on a slant). While he recognizes the existence of more complex styles and subjects in his different "Compositions"; "Jerusalem"; "With Cows," etc. he lacked the contacts with what was seething abroad at the time; and the guidance to show him the way. (Belt Chagall, Haifa).

EPHRAIM HARRIS

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS339 per line including VAT; insertion every day of the month costs IS8659 including VAT.

Jerusalem
CONDUCTED TOURS:
Tourists and Visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-11. Bus No. 14, 24 or 5, Kiryat Moshe Tel. 523391.

HADASSAH — Guided tour of all installations • Hearty tours at Kiryat Hadassah and Hadassah Mt. Scopus • Information, reservations 02-46333, 02-426271.

Hebrew University
1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Buses 9 and 23.

2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Bronfman Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 23 to bus stop. Further details: Tel. 02-882819.

American Mizrahi Women Free Morning Tours — Tel Aviv, Tel. 220187, 243108.

WIZO To visit our projects call Tel Aviv, 232939; Jerusalem, 226060; Haifa, 89537.

PIONEER WOMEN — NA'AMAT, Murnings runs. Call for reservations: Tel Aviv, 256096. Haifa

What's On In Haifa, dial 04-648840.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS339 per line including VAT; insertion every day of the month costs IS1016 including VAT.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum, Opening Exhibition (12.12.83 at 8 p.m.) Ori Reisman, Paintings; Coexisting Exhibitions Gabi Kasper, Paintings; Tom Seidman Freud, Illustrations of children's books; Scrap, creating home theatre sets and greeting cards; Memorial Museum, furniture and accessories; Michael Druke, photographic situations; Ovid Bomberg in Palestine; Moritz Oppenheim, First Jewish painter; Tip of the iceberg No. 2; Permanent Collection of Jewish Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art; Rockefeller Museum; Kadash Benes, Jewish Kingdom; fortress; How of Study the Past (for children, Paly Centre, Closed Saturdays).

Old Yishuv Court Museum, The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-War II, 6 Reh. Or Haim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Str Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hebrew University, Opening Exhibition, Permanent Exhibition of Jewish Art, Olesana Reisman History of Jewish People, Special Exhibition entitled, "People of Old Jerusalem", by the weaver Beate Friedman, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri, 9 a.m.-12 noon, Tel. 63212.

Galleries
Galerie Vison Nouvelle, Khuzot Hoyotzer, Y.S. Hsmiche, Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819854, 280031.

Tel Aviv Museum, New Exhibitions: Pina Collection, Chinese and Japanese Paintings and Prints; Continuing Exhibitions: Finy Lottersdorf, Micho Kirshner, Classical, 17th and 18th centuries; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism; Twentieth Century Art; Israeli Art Zvi Goldstein, Structure and Superstructure (Herta and Paul Amiria).

Other Centres
Hacova, Wilfrid Israel Museum, Pincus Abramovic, Aquarrelles and Mixed Media; Jacob Bloinhardt, Jewish Scenes and Characters — Wood Cut, 11.12.83-7.1.84. Viewing Hours: Sat. 10-12, 5-6.30. Ongoing week after coordination by Tel. 04-9931689.

SUPER MUFFLER

HAVING EXHAUST PROBLEMS? Work done by specialists while you wait.

TEL AVIV — 6 Haseleimst. (behind Synagogue) Tel. 337080

This place is different



WE REALLY KNOW HOW TO CELEBRATE

Weddings, Bar Mitzvah, parties, get-togethers...

whatever the celebration we know how to make it special. And it won't cost the earth. So, if you want an occasion to remember, make it in Jerusalem at the Windmill Hotel.

Centrally located

Walking distance of the Old City

Gilat Kasher

Synagogue on the premises

3 Mendele St., Jaffa, Jerusalem 92112, Israel. Tel. 663111 Telex 26536

Managing Director: Fred Hall

BE CAREFUL Conserve energy.

Center for Conservative Judaism Congregation Moreshet Yisrael 2-4 Agon St., Jerusalem

Adult Education Institute is pleased to announce a New Series:

ISSUES IN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EREZ YISRAEL

Yehudah Bohrer, Ph.D.

Wednesday evenings at 8.00 p.m., December 14 — February 8.

Ministry of Education and Culture Torah Culture Division Youth Division

ATTENTION 12th graders (girls) of Religious Secondary Schools

Those wishing to serve in the army's MOROT-HAYALOT PROGRAMME

or as CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS

for a two-year period are invited to apply for a special preparatory course to be conducted under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and Culture prior to each service.

The course will help prepare the trainees for service in development towns of the country in the following capacities:

Teacher of Judaism — to women

Group Leader — in community centres

Counsellor — in educational spheres at religious Youth Aliyah Institutions

Medricha in Jerusalem — at field schools, Jewish study seminars and Zionist Institutes.

Medricha — in olive studies project related to Judaism.

Applications preparatory to examinations and interview will be accepted only until Rosh Hodesh Adar II (March 5, 1984)

Today, there are 280 young women serving in this special framework at approximately 50 settlements and institutions.

The number of openings is limited. Additional information is available at:

Torah Culture Division: Jerusalem, Southern and Negev District 20 Mamilla St., Jerusalem, Tel. 02-238800, 238804.

Tel Aviv and Central District — 71 Jekobinsky St., Ramat Gan, Tel. 031 798141.

Haifa and Northern District — 20 Anileya St., Haifa, Tel. 041 520241.

NEW STAMPS

- RABBI MEIR BAR-ILAN (IS 9.-)
- 50th ANNIVERSARY OF ALIYA (IMMIGRATION) OF JEWS FROM GERMANY (IS 14.-)
- Kfir (IS 8.-), RESHEF (IS 18.-), MERKAVA (IS 30.-)

DAY OF ISSUE: 13.12.83

The philatelic material will be obtainable at sales counters of the Philatelic Services and at post offices authorized to sell such material.

Stamps with Tobe and complete sheets will be on sale as far as stocks permit at Philatelic Service sales counters and postal agencies* until Jan. 12, 1984.

Philatelic Services Sales Counters

• Jerusalem • Tel Aviv • Haifa • Kiryat Shmona • Neheriya • Akko • Tiberias • Afula • Netanya • Rehovot • Ashdod • Beer Sheva • Eilat • Ben Gurion Airport

• Postal Agencies:

• Ramat-Le-zion • 118 Herzl St. • Tel Aviv • Kfar Namir (Astarim)

• Philatelic Services • Ministry of Communications

Become a Philatelic Services Address-postcard to: 60100 Jaffa, Tel Aviv and details will be forwarded

Association for the Advancement of Social Projects

A survey for potential investors in the building of Sanior Citizen Homes in Israel is now available. The survey includes:

- * Description of Projects
- * Projected Development
- * Projected Income
- * Return of Loans
- * Sizes of Units
- * Capital Investment Necessary
- * Wages and Benefits of Employees
- * Projected Tax Payments
- * Projected Expenses

Potential investors may obtain a copy for the sum of \$100.00, making checks payable to:

A.A.S.P. (Ass. for the Advancement of Social Projects), P.O.B. 18038, Jerusalem, Israel.

The survey is available in English or Hebrew.

The Cameri Theatre Israel Habima

of Tel Aviv The National Theatre

SWEENEY TODD — 1st 5 p.m. Sat. Dec. 10; Sun. Dec. 11 Mon. Dec. 12; Tue. Dec. 13

CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE Jerusalem Theatre Sat. Dec. 10; Sun. Dec. 11

QUARTERMAINE'S TERMS — Premiere First prize, reduced rates Sat. Dec. 17; Mon. Dec. 18

FASSON PLAY Sat. Dec. 10, 8.30, 9.30 Sun. Dec. 11; Dec. 12

TROJAN WOMEN Sat. Dec. 10; Sun. Dec. 11

SUNKER Dec. 12 sold out Tue. Dec. 13; Wed. Dec. 14 Thur. Dec. 15, 8.30

ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT REVUE JUIVE

Founded in 1901

CH-804 Zurich/Switzerland, Florastrasse 14

Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will work by Jew keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business and personal notices. Sample copies and advertising rates available.

SUNDAY NIGHT in what feels like the middle of nowhere, east of Hadera. The newish, one-room community hall of Moshav Sha'ar Ephraim. Empty except for a few scattered chairs, and a small raised stage at one end. The sputtering fluorescent lights lend a spacy blue tint to the atmosphere. The smell of manure wafting through the windows reassures us that we are still very much earthbound.

The 12 members of the Sha'ar Ephraim dance troupe, which bases its work on Yemenite folklore, are having their weekly workout, driven by Mske Hajbi, a tiny dynamo who comes up from Tel Aviv for the occasion.

They've been working for four years, and have appeared all over the country, including the President's Residence in Jerusalem. In 1982 they won a prize in Paris at an international folkdance festival. Which is not bad, considering that they all started dancing in their 40s and 50s, that they put in 15 hours or more every day raising chickens or tomatoes or hothouse flowers, milking the cows or working in the senior citizens' club. Between them, they have 75 children, and most have grandchildren as well.

Now the moshav, like many others, is in financial straits and the Northern Sharon Regional Council, which is their local government, is also having trouble scraping up funds for the folklore group, whose expenses come to about IS600,000 a year. Unless a dependable source of income is found the troupe may have to disband. What was originally a focus of scepticism, if not ridicule, has become a source of pride to the women themselves and to their whole community. Its demise would be a heavy loss, harder to gauge than the recent collapse of the tomato market.

A few of the formerly sceptical children have come to watch their mothers at work. They sprawl on mats on the cold floor, sometimes singing along or keeping time to the beat of two drums; one is a large, shiny tin of the sort used for olive oil, the other a steel *halbo*, shaped like a vase with a skin stretched on it.

Some of the children have asked for their own dance lessons, but there isn't enough money for that. "Now they tell us, 'Suro, you go ahead and indulge yourselves, and there's nothing for us,'" says one of the mothers. Her tone reflects a combination of pride and regret.

THE DANCES come from the rural areas of Yemen where most of them were born, and they remember some basic steps from childhood. There's a Beduin influence in what they do; they shared common walls with their Beduin neighbours, unlike the Jews in Sana'a, who had their own quarter.

Malka gives a running commentary: "This is 'washing the bride'. Now they're chasing the spirits with candles; now they're passing an egg over the bride's head."

One dance creates the atmosphere of the desert. Another is about wood-gathering: a girl gathering wood notices that a boy has come to court her and tells him to get lost or her father will kill him. It's all done with humour and grace. Gradually, the women seem to shake off their long day's work and free their limbs.

They wear black robes they've embroidered themselves. On their heads are long green-and-orange scarves. Silver dangles from their foreheads; their ears, their necks, their arms. One woman is barefoot; the others wear anything from ballet



Malka Hajbi (left) and other members of the Sha'ar Ephraim dance troupe, presenting dances from the rural areas of Yemen.



(David Talbot)

STEPMOTHERS

Marsha Pomerantz

slippers to cloth sports shoes.

Melka occasionally mounts the stage to join the end of the line: a blue-and-white training suit among the embroidered robes.

AFTER an hour or so the women start protesting that they've had enough. But Malka presses them through a harvest dance and a trip to the wall, complete with plastic imitations of water jugs.

Finally she lets them stop, and they sprawl on the edge of the stage to talk about why they do this.

"Love," says one woman.

"Letting go," says another.

Yisrael Dahari, who is not a member of the moshav but has helped with the management of the troupe, says they do it as a kind of mission.

And what do the husbands say? "Once they wanted to throw us out of the house," says one of the women, not exaggerating. Now they seem to have come round. Or at least, now their attitude is seasonal.

In the winter, when there's loss work on the farm, they mind loss. In the summer, when there's more work and the troupe has a more apocryphal, things get a little tense.

The women originally began dancing under the direction of Gurit Kadman, a native of Germany who came to Palestine in 1920 and was influential in fostering the development of folkdance here. But the sessions were irregular, and the troupe only crystallized four years ago under the direction of Malka Hajbi.

How is Malka as a teacher?

"She'd make a good army commander," says Yona Herz, who is one of the most talented members of the group. Yona designs and sews their costumes, and also points — in a symbolic style that draws on traditional Yemenite jewelry.

"I'm almost as afraid of Malka as I am of my husband," says another woman. Others suggest that even some of the husbands are afraid of the pint-sized Hajbi. All this is said, of course, in front of Malka, who is immensely pleased.

What do they do on the nights they don't dance? They watch TV, usually switching off right after the news.

And when were they last in the flesh-pots of Tel Aviv? "Why don't you ask when we were last in Netanya?" is the retort.

THE GROUP has appeared in the development towns of Ma'alot and Shlomi, at Kamei Shomron on the West Bank, at Binyanei Ha'uma in Jerusalem, in the Kfar Yona prison. The performance at the Presidents' Residence was what raised their stock in the eyes of their neighbours.

Many of their appearances are arranged through the regional council. Since it supports them, their performances are free of charge, and sometimes the women feel they are taken advantage of because of their financial dependence.

Their major expense is Malka's salary, though they also have to pay for material for costumes, and Yona gets something for sewing them. The other big expense is transportation.

Because of the moshav's decline, they are hard-put to pay their share. Ya'akov Alia, coordinator of

cultural activities for the regional council, which foots half the bill, says he's determined to do what he can for the group but doesn't know how much longer he can manage. He gets funds from the Moshav Movement, the Ministry of Education and Culture, and the Histadrut. "But by the time you get anything out of them, you can drop dead," he says.

For instance, a request to the ministry two years ago for assistance in financing the trip to Paris was approved, but the money never came through. Dan Ronnen, the ministry official who received the request is abroad at the moment, but his office says the regional council never filled out the proper forms, despite reminders.

Alia says they did, but he also says, "I'm not willing to put in a month's work to get IS30,000 which will only be paid in another year."

So the group had to pass up invitations this summer from Ireland and the U.S. because they couldn't get the money together. When we talked they were having enough trouble planning a Hanukkah party for the moshav on a budget of IS8,000. "That's not even enough to give them *sugantot*," one of the women said.

MALKA HAJBI isn't sure how much longer she'll get her salary, but the Sha'ar Ephraim group is very important to her. "I could work in the city," she says, "but then who would go up there?"

Every Sunday, her husband David drives her up to the moshav in their rickety Ford Escort. They leave their three daughters with a baby-sitter. On Wednesdays, they go to Netanya, where she teaches a

group of young people who, despite their "city" life, have little other stimulation.

It isn't a coincidence that Malka knows how to elicit the magic combination of love and fear — mostly love — from the people of Sha'ar Ephraim. She herself grew up at Ahiezer, a Yemenite moshav near Lod. At the age of 15, she defied her family and the community by going off to dance with Inbal, the dance theatre that has developed traditional dances into art.

There were singers in her family she says, but it was unheard of for a woman to dance on the stage. For years, members of the moshav would avert their eyes when she danced.

She may be an "army commander" at Sha'ar Ephraim, but she was very shaky the next night, in anticipation of an appearance with Inbal in Tel Aviv. A bus-load of women from Ahiezer came to the performance — and for the first time in Malka's 18-year career, her mother saw her on the stage. She didn't clup wildly like some of her companions, but she had tears in her eyes.

Perhaps a pre-performance explanation by Sara Levi-Tannai, the founder and artistic director of Inbal, helped the women of Ahiezer to understand the relationship between folklore and art.

After mentioning various biblical sources for using the body to glorify God, she explained it this way: "We all use flour to make bread. But sometimes ordinary bread isn't enough. We want to make pita, and halla, and other special breads. And sometimes, bread isn't enough. Sometimes we want to bake cakes."

JOAN HARGREAVES, a fellow student of mine, had a purse just like the one in the fairy story which could never be emptied. In an unvarying routine, she'd take the bus every Saturday morning from South Kensington to the City and withdraw the cash she needed from the Yorkshire Penny Bank. Then she would send off a postcard to her aunt in Rochdale who would deposit exactly the same amount in the account, so that the balance always remained the same. Pure magic.

Yet Joan was a very matter-of-fact Lancashire lass who once arrived late for school grumbling that the bus service was "disgusting." It was not until I read the evening paper that I learned that her bus had overturned, killing several people and injuring many more.

I have only once seen her composure even slightly ruffled. Visiting London after living in Israel for over a decade, I went to see Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square. A sign on the doorbell asked callers to "Ring for the Curator." I did so and Hargreaves, of all people, opened the door. "How did you know where to find me?" she asked.



AS WE STOOD in the hall, I was reminded of another caller at No.17, a lady who preceded me by rather more than two centuries. She was somewhat surprised when the Great Lexicographer himself opened the door and even more so to see that he was clad only in a disreputable nightshirt. To complete the ensemble, he carried in one hand a brimming chamber pot while with the other, presumably remembering to observe the proprieties, he retrieved a dirty bob wig slung over the newel post at the foot of the stairs and courteously placed it on his head.

This delightful old monster produced a dictionary that is full of unhelpful definitions, such as "Cough: a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity," and is also pretty hopeless at etymology but, nevertheless, charms by throwing in occasional favourite passages. In the entry on *mohair*, for example, Johnson cannot resist quoting Pope, even if it sheds very little light on the subject:

*She, while her lover pants upon her breast
Con-marks the figures on an Indian chest
And when she sees her friend in deep despair
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.*

Chambers Dictionary sounds as if it was inspired by Dr. Johnson's doorstep encounter with the lady. In fact, it has nothing to do with porcelain bedroom accessories but is published by W. & R. Chambers, the Edinburgh firm founded in 1820. Yet it has in common with Johnson's work the frequent inclusion of a quaint conceit with which to adorn a definition — for example, "nice: used in vague commendation by those who are not nice" or "celebr: a cake, long in shape but short in duration."

Webster's Third, on the other hand, is neither entertaining nor informative and, furthermore, is so

Brando's drumstick

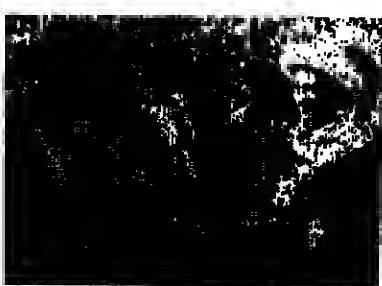
WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

permissive as to render it virtually useless. The essential tool, assuming that you cannot run to the full *Oxford English Dictionary* or the two-volume *Shorter Oxford*, is the *Concise Oxford* which, come hell or high water, sells 300,000 copies every year.

It has its faults, admittedly. *Ralph*, meaning a gremlin in a printing press, is missing, though it appears in *Chambers's* and I had the impression that the *Concise* prefers to rely on its own typographical errors. The sixth edition, for example, defined *errorless*, of all words, as a noun. You may not believe this, but my edition, the fourth, does not include *gullible*, though it does have room for *gunnah*, a large Indian earthenware water jar, and quite appropriately both *golly* and *gosh*.

No wonder that lexicographers are subject to extraordinary stresses and strains. Rene Ledesert, the editor of *Horrap's French-English Dictionary*, has collected a number of stories about editors who had to be carried off in straitjackets or even committed murder among the index cards. One story: Dr. Onions, a former editor of the *OED*, wanted to meet a correspondent who had contributed a great deal to the dictionary; when the man claimed he was "unable to travel," Dr. Onions offered to make the journey instead and was met at the station by two uniformed worders who conducted him to meet his correspondent who was unconvincingly detained in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

The editors are quite capable of driving other people round the bend, too. When I worked on a 1969 edition of *Ariel* devoted to the revival of Hebrew, nine of the contributors refused to agree on a unified system of transliteration. By the time I'd finished attending to the special typographical signs for each of the systems, I needed my own personal Eliezer Ben-Yehuda to revive me.



IN JOE ORTON'S play *The Ruffian on the Stair*, the hero describes what is obviously a homosexual experience. "There is no word in the English language," an outraged Irishman exclaims, "for what you've been doing!"

"In Lapland," the hero answers, "they have no word for snow." Now here's a funny how-d'-you-do, as they say. Languages are usually rich in terms that describe experiences common to their way of life. In fact, Prof. Chaim Rabin tells me that the Swiss have 22 words for various kinds of snow just as Arabic has over 700 words for camels. The word for a female camel, for example, is different according to each month of pregnancy. There are three words for milk-camels, depending on whether they fill one, two or three vessels at a milking, and even a special term, *bibbla*, for the type of camel that only gives milk when you

hit her on the nose and say "Bishla!" Yet Arabic is remarkably vague when it comes to describing the colour of a camel. In 1973, when Prof. Heinrich Zollinger, of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, and Chaim Benhar, of the Weizmann Institute, asked a test group of Beduin to describe the colour of various things, several decided that a camel was red, while others plumped for green and even blue. I began to catch on when I came across the entry *jawn* in J.G. Hava's *Arabic-English Dictionary*, where it is defined as "Black. White. Light red. Intensely black (horse)."

Joe Orton's puzzling dialogue is matched by a bit in Len Deighton's new thriller, *Berlin Game*, which claims that the Germans have a thousand words for death, and the Jews have so many different words for idiot. "Offhand, I can think of any number, but a glance at the synonyms for idiot in *Roger's Thesaurus* shows that English is just as plentifully supplied. To add to the confusion, Andrea Kelland, of *Tonnes*, has begun advertising in the British press "a comfortable cotton corduroy dress" called a Schmock.

ONE AREA in which English is particularly rich, as Serabille fans have undoubtedly discovered, is the vocabulary of falconry. *Glee*, for example, is "the phlegm collected in the stomachs of hawks."

Where I come from, hawking referred to a certain amount of throaty hemming-and-hawing that developed into a sort of juicy, unvoiced yodel and worked up to a heavy-duty gargle. The end product necessitated those ubiquitous "No Spitting. By Order" signs that were the iconography of my childhood, but privately it would be received with remarks such as "bring that up at the next meeting and we'll vote on it."

India leads the world in this particular field of human endeavour. Their idea of a classic novel, I've heard it said, is *Great Expectations* and was claim that the Bombay version of the nursery rhyme is "Little Miss Muffat / Spat on a tuft."

At one time I knew 14 Bangali words for the varieties of nasal mucus, with which English has to make do with one. This ever-fascinating topic is divided and subdivided in Bengal according to solidity, desiccation, texture, viscosity, colour and aroma.

Though distasteful, for want of a better word, India's preoccupation is fairly harmless compared to the native New Zealanders' obsession with the minutiae of cannibalism. A.W. Reed's *Dictionary of Maori Place Names* includes a range of hills called *Huhutahi* — single thigh — because "one of Tama-tupere's thighs was eaten there." *Arapaoni* reminded me of one of those details in a recipe, which can effectively ruin the dish if omitted. It means tenderized kidney fat, "because a chieftain stopped his dead enemies' kidneys from twitching; while they were being roasted, by thoroughly bashing the fat in the oven."

For all I know, Kiri Te Kanawa may mean "the soprano who ate purged parts of Pavarotti." JOHN ELIOT translated the Bible into the language of the Ma-

sachusetts Indians in 1655. Since then, more than 20 of the Indian Nations have had it translated into their language, the most recent being Western Apache in 1966, so that it is now possible for them to read the bit in *1 Chron. 2.7* about "Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, speaks with forked tongue."

Oddly enough, there does not seem to be a translation into American English, not even into the Yellow Prose of Texas. If you are still having trouble in understanding J.R. Ewing, the hero of *From Dallas with Malice*, I can recommend Jim Everhart's *Illustrated Texas Dictionary*. The illustrations are photographs of the editor pulling grotesque faces to accompany definitions such as *alls*, "something or other than the person or thing implied, such as 'Ah only done what anybody ails would do,' while *cheers* means 'in this place or spot ('Yawl come riot cheer this minute')."

Ah lacked to died laughin' at Everhart's lost, double-edged, definition: *thank*, "to have a judgment of opinion." "Jes thank," he says, "what yew must sound like to a Texan."

I rarely have any trouble with the Ewings' brand of the King's (Raneh) English. The last time must have been when Marlon Brando appeared in the 1966 Western, *The Appaloosa*, looking for a stolen horse that was presumably travelling under an assumed mane. Entering a Mexican *cantina*, he ordered a *pulque* and I was astounded when, instead of a kosher drumstick, he was served with the local booze.

THE ONLY American accent, come to think of it, that I find completely intolerable is that affected by actors playing Americans in BBC-TV series. After suffering through an instalment of *Nancy Astor* on Jordan TV recently, I determined not to return to the series until Lisa Harrow left Ole Virginny and settled down in Hever Castle.

American English does become insufferable, however, when it degenerates into trendy mush such as the review I came across recently of a Barry Manilow concert. This explained that his audiences "enjoy togetherness, experience involvement in which they participate and share and from which they reach out to each other." I'm so sorry, as BBC newscasters used to say, I'll read that again.

More in Thoreau than in anger, I have to admit that dissatisfaction with the state of American English has been going on for a long time. Even the Founding Fathers got into the act, to use Schnozzle Duraote's memorable phrase. "I have heard in this country, in the Senate, at the bar and from the pulpit," president John Witherspoon of Princeton, one of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence, wrote in 1769, "errors in grammar, improprieties and vulgarisms which hardly any person of the same class would have fallen to in Great Britain."

Over two centuries later, the British still feel that Witherspoon was right about those rude colonials. A reader's letter in *The Guardian* once pointed out that, according to American sports commentators, "this Winner Olympics" were taking place. "The Loser Olympics" this was assumed, would take place during the summer.

I DON'T KNOW what they have to be so smug about. Stagnation, despite the present Tory government's policies ("Pain's what aches

do/It's the way Thatcher do it"), is impossible in any living language and, like an unlinked pension, is a formula for bankruptcy. All the fresh mintings of the last few decades, admittedly including any amount of dross, have come from America, from Dallas, not Palace, English which otherwise would have become an inadequate tool for dealing with a rapidly changing world.

Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" once referred to this rather ambiguously, I thought. "When we Americans are done with the English language," he said, "it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy."

As a longtime fan of both musicals and of Joe Jacobs, the fights manager, I must admit that I'm in favour of living things up a little. Mr. Jacobs, you will recall, is the man who bequeathed "we wuz robbed" to the language and then topped it with that perfect expression of a truly universal sentiment. "I should of stood in bed." In my opinion, he deserves a place in Poets Corner, even though those memorials set in the floor of Westminster Abbey always remind me of that old torch song, *Please Don't Walk About Me When I'm Gone, Baby*.



MOST English people are long accustomed to American speech from frequent exposure to the cinema and TV. On the other hand, they find the language spoken by the British upper class largely incomprehensible. The old joke about the judge who is annoyed to observe that the prisoner is chewing gum while in the dock serves to illustrate the point. He instructs a policeman to "tell that man to stop masticating in my court" and the eopper tiptoes across to the dock to address the offender. "You," he says in a fierce whisper, "take your hands out of your pockets."

Alastair Morrison once wrote a dictionary of upperclass English, *Priggly Well Spoken*, in which he translated what seems to be Norman French, *Femme et casse ean*, into "If I may say so" and *Moonlet snorter* into the Beethoven piano piece.

The much-admired upper-class speech is a sort of ostive inarticulacy in which the vowels are clipped beyond comprehension and far more mystifying than anything J.R. ever produced. During the troubled Sixties, many middle-class parents sent their offspring off to private schools that were really beyond their means in an attempt to save them from promiscuity, strange hairstyles and, above all, the drug scene. The headmistress of an exclusive girls' school once addressed an assembly of such aspiring, upwardly mobile parents during Speech Day. To their mounting horror, she seemed to have become a swinger herself.

"Taking pot," she began. "We took enormous pains to get our gels — all of them — to take pot. To take pot in the gym; in the classrooms, to take pot even in the dormitories. To take pot, joyously, together..."

The murmurs of anger and even louder protests were only stifled when it gradually dawned on her audience that this was simply the way she pronounced "part." □

"Then I too began to discern the eternal, immutable face of God behind all religious symbols, and still later I began to discern something behind God's face as well — chaos, a terrifying, uninhabited darkness...I went further and discovered the abyss."

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, one of the great writers of modern Greece and, indeed, of the 20th century, was born a hundred years ago on the island of Crete. He is best known to the English-speaking public for his *Zorba the Greek*, but his literary heritage includes many other novels as well, such as *The Fratricides*, *Saint Francis*, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *The Greek Passion* and *Freedom or Death*. (A lesser known work bears a Hebrew title, *Toda Raba*, testifying to Kazantzakis' lifelong affinity to Jewish culture.) He also produced plays, books of travel and philosophy, numerous translations, a French-Greek dictionary and, to support himself financially, school textbooks.

In 1938 he published what must be considered one of the masterpieces of world literature, *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*, an epic poem of 33,333 lines using a variation of Homeric Greek in which each line consists of 17 syllables in unrhymed iambic measures of eight beats. During the 1950s Kazantzakis was nominated several times for the Nobel Prize for Literature. At the end of his life he chronicled his own Odyssey in the world of men and ideas in a moving autobiography, *Report to Greco*, a final summing-up before the artist El Greco, a fellow Creton whom Kazantzakis considered his spiritual grandfather.

Kazantzakis belonged to that band of philosophers — Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Sartre — who perceived what modern man feels but is often afraid to give voice to: that there is no spiritual being called "God," no Heaven or Hell, no salvation, no after-life, no meaning to life but what we give it on earth, and that we must have the courage to confront the "abyss" without fear or hope. He is nevertheless an inspiring writer because of his belief — inherited from his teacher, the French-Jewish philosopher Henri Bergson — that life is imbued with an *elan vital*, a vital impulse driving us towards ever-higher spiritual perfection. This evolutionary force, apprehended through the senses rather than the intellect, is what Kazantzakis meant by "God."

"Every integral man has inside him, in his heart of hearts, a mystic centre around which all else revolves. This mystic whirling lends unity to his thoughts and actions; it helps him find or invent the cosmic harmony. For some this centre is love, for others kindness or beauty, others the thirst for knowledge or the longing for gold and power."

"Our centre, grandfather, the centre which swept the visible world into its whirl and fought to elevate it to the upper level of valour and responsibility, was the battle with God. Which God? The fierce summit of man's soul, the summit which we are ceaselessly about to attain and which ceaselessly jumps to its feet and climbs still higher..."

KAZANTZAKIS conceived of his life as an Odyssey, an unending quest for the essence of things, a struggle to transcend physical existence and transmute flesh into spirit. That meant abandoning comfortable truths and beliefs and habits. In his poem *The Odyssey*, Kazantzakis picks up the story where Homer left off. Having sur-

A modern Odysseus



Nikos Kazantzakis and his wife Eleni, a few months before he died in 1957.

Jeff Halper

vived all kinds of perils, Odysseus realizes that in coming home and reclaiming his wife, possessions, kingdom — in fact, concluding the *Odyssey* — he is facing the most subtle and beguiling form of death. "This is the sweetest siren of all, see how she waves! Dear God, to build a home at length, to smash my ship, to make a crossbeam of its mast, its hull a bed, and its old, sea-embattled prow my own son's cradle!"

"Odysseus sealed his bitter lips and spoke no more, then turned, glanced at his wife, gazed on his son and father, and suddenly shook with fear, and sighed, for now he knew that even his native land was a sweet mask of Death."

Thus Odysseus/Kazantzakis sets off again on yet another journey, on the way aiding the blond barbarians in their destruction of the classical Greek civilization, now rotten and in need of rejuvenation, like Kazantzakis' own age. "Blessed be that hour that gave me birth between two eras!" shouts the hero triumphantly.

THIS MODERN Odysseus, however, did not travel alone. He took as his guides and companions those few great souls — "Bodyguards of the Odyssey" he called them — who had touched elemental truths: the prophet Samuel, Buddha, Jesus, Saint Francis, El Greco, Nietzsche, Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav, Lenin, Zorba.

From each he extracted that aspect of the *elan vital* that advanced man one more tortured, ecstatic step towards his full spiritual and intellectual potential. Each added to his insight, but none could claim him.

One's life and the nature of one's struggle is shaped in part by ancestors, in part by one's self, but in great part conforms to the events and agonies — the "cry" — of one's era. From Nietzsche, Kazantzakis acquired the "tragic optimism" inherent in the knowledge that though man is alone in the universe, he is capable of giving meaning to his life and of "building a world which will not shame our hearts." Lenin embodied for Kazantzakis the epitome of the man of action, the "world builder" who creates our reality.

But it was in the Jews most of all that he saw manifested the will to persevere, to revolt against injustice and a complacent world order, to force the world to exceed

KAZANTZAKIS understood that "truth" is plural, a synthesis of many equally profound truths. He belonged to no political movement (though his sympathies were clearly with the left), held fast to no ideology or orthodoxy. He remained committed to the quest for the essence behind belief and reality. And in the end, it was the quest itself that mattered, not the particular answers one arrived at, for those too would enter the pool of immutable truths, to be used, broken apart and discarded by our children, for whom our answers are insufficient.

"Father," says the youth in Kazantzakis' *Spiritual Exercises*, the distillation of his philosophy, "I cannot be contained in your heart! I want to smash it and pass through! And you, the father, rejoice to hear the contemptuous voice of your child. 'All, all for my son!' you shout."

Kazantzakis, like the true teacher, imposed his "truth" on no one, and would have despised disciples.

Yet, despite his constant struggle towards spiritual perfection, Kazantzakis remained firmly anchored to the earth, and in particular to his native soil on Crete. Although it is the sacred duty of each generation to surpass that of its parents, Kazantzakis taught, all our progress is nevertheless an elaboration of the truths possessed by our forefathers, to whom we are irrevocably tied.

"The Cry is not yours. It is not you talking, but innumerable ancestors talking with your mouth. It is not you who desire, but innumerable generations of descendants longing with your heart. The race of men from which you come is the huge body of the past, the present, and the future. It is the face itself: you are passing expression. You are the shadow; it is the meat."

Kazantzakis explained his conflicting affinities to earth and spirit, to peasant and intellectual, to racial roots and the Odyssey, to sensualism and asceticism, as well as his need to resolve all these into a higher synthesis, by reference to his origins in Crete. Situated at the crossroads of Africa, Asia and Europe, possessor of one of the world's oldest civilizations, Crete belonged to both classical Greece and ancient Egypt.

"Crete, for me," wrote Kazantzakis, "is the synthesis which I always pursue, the synthesis of Greece and the Orient. I neither feel Europe in me nor a clear and distilled classical Greece; nor do I at all feel the anarchic chaos and the will-less perseverance of the Orient." The complete individual, he believed, possessed "an Occidental mind and an Oriental heart."

HIS CONTACT with peasants in Crete and their primitive Christianity, in which saints and devils take on an actual existence and interact with men, gave Kazantzakis the ability to both find the *elan vital* in the down-to-earth actions of the simplest folk, and convey it movingly and powerfully in words. That mix of earth and light found its quintessential expression in *Zorba the Greek*.

In 1917 Kazantzakis went to the southern Peloponnese to take over the management of a falling lignite mine. There he met Alexis Giorghos Zorba, whose unlettered passion, joy of life and earthly wisdom confirmed Bergson's view that the intellect alone cannot comprehend the vital impulse.

"I rarely opened my mouth," he

wrote of his encounters with Zorba. "What could an intellectual say to an igne? I listened to him tell me about his village on the flanks of Mount Olympos, about snow, wolves, komitadjis, Saint Sophia, lignite, women, God, patriotism, death — and when words became too constricting for him and he felt suffocated, he leapt to his feet and began to dance."

"If I had listened to his voice — not his voice, his cry — my life would have acquired value. I would have experienced with blood, flesh, and bone what I now ponder with paper and ink. But I did not dare...I have been ashamed many times in my life because I caught my soul not daring to do what supreme folly — the essence of life — called me to do. But I never felt so ashamed of my soul as I did in front of Zorba."

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS served his failings. Although he served briefly as director-general of the Ministry of Public Welfare in 1919, helping to repatriate 150,000 Greeks caught in the Caucasus after the Russian Revolution, and as director of translations from the classics for UNESCO during the year 1946, he never became the "man of action" he aspired to be. Yet he lived his philosophy to a degree that few of us do.

This fond reminiscence, written by his wife Helen in her book *Nikos Kazantzakis: A Biography Based On His Letters*, belies his fiery exterior.

"...to be good, not to envy anyone; to possess only what was strictly necessary (*hmi-hm*) — well, there were a few icons, some ivory or some little trinket brought back from the far corners of the earth; to make an idealized image of yourself, to nail it on the wall in front of you and to try to be like it; to forgive those who do you wrong (it is thanks to them that you mobilize your own forces); to revel in the earth, the sky, the sea, the rams and the cows, the bread and the olives; never to let comfort dull you; and if a child at the far limits of the earth is hungry, to feel responsible for it; to keep one's soul always ready; to remain upright when the time comes..."

Greece did not always honour its greatest literary figure. During the years of right-wing rule and political instability — from 1935 through the 1950s — Kuzantzakis was nathema, banned from the popular press and kept in a kind of internal exile. Academics and critics were outraged at his preference in his writing for popular demotic Greek rather than the more formal literary form, and many feared his cosmopolitanism. During most of his life he earned a meagre living from his writings, and occasionally found himself near starvation.

Even his death aroused opposing passions.

Returning from a trip to China in 1957, he suffered an adverse reaction to a routine vaccination, and died in Germany. When his body was returned to Heraklion, his birthplace, a great national outpouring of grief took place. But he had long lived under a ban of excommunication from the Orthodox Church for his "heretical" writings, and was refused burial in the city cemetery. His body was accordingly taken to a grove on top of the wall that surrounds the city, and laid to rest there.

The site is still unmarked on tourist maps, but when, after asking directions, one reaches the quiet grove, there is a single grave inscribed in Greek with the words: "I fear not death. I do not hope. I am free."

HUNGARIAN and Marmaros Jews, Holocaust researchers, historians, and all those patient students of Judaism who cherish most traditions, will certainly welcome the appearance of *The Marmaros Book*.

The Marmaros region is situated at the north-eastern border of Hungary, bordering on Galicia and Bukovina. It is one of the largest regions of Hungary, and has a long and troubled history. At the end of World War I, and after the fall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, it was divided between Rumania and Czechoslovakia. In 1939 Hungary overran Czech Marmaros, and the region was taken over by the Rumanians — Ukrainian nationalists much influenced by the Nazis.

In 1940 the northern part of Transylvania was severed from Rumania, and handed over to Hungary. Marmaros was again united under Hungarian rule. Elderly Jews, who remembered the good old Austro-Hungarian Empire, had high hopes for the new regime. They were soon disappointed.

The Hungarians dismissed Jewish civil servants, carried out arbitrary arrests, imprisoned individuals on trumped-up charges. In order to confirm their citizenship, Jews had to establish their uninterrupted residence in Hungary from 1851. In the summer of 1941, and following Hungary's declaration of war on the Soviet Union, Jews were deported to Galicia and Poland.

The large-scale killing of deported Marmaros Jews was carried out on August 27-28, 1941, near the town of Kamenetz-Podolsk. This was one of the first episodes in the Final Solution, and one of the first Nazi attempts to gauge the reactions of the Allies, and of the world.

THE EDITORS of *The Marmaros Book* dedicated five years to this major study. It describes in detail the life, traditions and fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the over 160 Jewish communities of this region. The book is in Hebrew, but contains extensive introductions in English and Yiddish.

The Marmaros traditions, customs and folklore had much in common with those of East European Jewry. In spite of the comparative poverty of the population, Marmaros attained a high culture, and produced many Talmudic and halachic scholars. Cohen and Gross present an accurate historical, geographic and demographic picture, devote much time to each

First of the many



SEFER MARMAROS (The Marmaros Book; In Memory of a Hundred and Sixty Jewish Communities.) Edited by S.Y. Gross and Y. Yosef Cohen. Tel Aviv, Beit Marmaros. 642 pp. \$30.

THE PIT AND THE TRAP: A Chronicle of Survival by Leib Rochman. New York, Holocaust Library. 272 pp. \$6.95.

THE STORY OF PATRIA by Dr. Erich Steiner. New York, Holocaust Library. 242 pp. \$6.95.

ICH BIN EIN JUDE: Travels through Europe on the Edge of Savagery by Herb Brinn. Middle Village, New York, Jonathan David. \$9.95.

THE ARMY CAP BOY: The Story of a Teenage Boy's Survival in Hitler's Europe by Zolani and Edl Schwartz. Australia, Macmillan. 183 pp. Price not stated.

A BOOK OF SONGS by Merritt Linn. New York, St. Martin Press. 309 pp. \$13.95.

Alexander Zvielli

community, and list all prominent families and sages.

The Marmaros Book does not spare us gruesome details concerning the deportation of the Jews which followed the German invasion of Hungary in March, 1944.

There were isolated cases of determined resistance but over 90 per cent of Marmaros Jewry perished in the Holocaust.

Berl Katznelson visited the Marmaros region in 1933, and Menachem Begin in 1936. Many Marmaros Jews settled here before the outbreak of World War II, and warmly welcomed the few Holocaust survivors. Today there is a Marmaros House in Tel Aviv, which constitutes a vital link connecting the Marmaros community here and their brethren abroad.

LEIB ROCHMAN (1918-1978), the author of *The Pit and the Trap*, was born in the Polish town of Minsk Mazowiecki, some 45km. east of Warsaw. He graduated from the Yeshiva, and wrote for the Yiddish press. His three books published after the Holocaust make him one of its most outspoken witnesses.

Rochman married during the Nazi occupation. The young couple suffered greatly, first in the Minsk ghetto, and then in hiding. Hidden behind the double wall of a peasant's hut, or in a pit, Rochman kept a detailed diary of his gruesome experiences. He made a book out of them, *And in Your Blood You Shall Live*, which was published in Switzerland shortly after the end of the war.

Rochman's book is remarkable, community, and list all prominent families and sages.

Jeffrey M. Green

brought him tiresome works. A hundred more writers, undaunted by the threat of punishment, brought their works. The king leaped through their offerings and sentenced the authors to hard labour.

The last to come forward was an old Jew.

"I am tired of examining tedious tomes," the king warned him. "If yours is no more lively than the rest, I will sentence you to read them all from cover to cover until you die of boredom."

The old Jew accepted the condition set by the king and offered him his book, a collection of Jewish folk tales. The king opened it at random and read "The Story of the Owl with the Face of a Beast." He found it fascinating. Then he opened the book to another page and found "The Story of the Miser and the Emissary from the Holy Land." He read that one too. Every time he opened the book, he found something new. He read it for five or ten minutes, and found that satisfying. He studied it for hours and found that engrossing. He was so pleased and delighted with the book that he and his whole court converted to Judaism, and the old Jew became Grand Vizier.

for it is a great deal fresher than most accounts published many years later. We share the horror of his prison, we sense his hunger and his anger, and identify with his fear and humiliation. In his account of life at that time, the Poles considered the Jewish predicament a just punishment for the murder of their God, and the Germans indulged their murderous instincts while "complying with orders."

The terror was ubiquitous and immediate. The Jew was hounded, betrayed, beaten and tortured. Anything spelt danger — a bout of drunkenness, a barking dog, an obtrusive hen. The Poles told witty tales of Jewish misfortune, and competed to get hold of abandoned Jewish property. Only a thief and a prostitute offered temporary shelter for a hunted Jew. Even they demanded a price.

Rochman's survival was largely due to his religious belief in the sanctity of human life. His prayers helped him at difficult times.

The Holocaust Library has done well in publishing this book. It serves as a powerful reminder.

DR. ERICH STEINER dedicates his well-written historical novel to those passengers on the S.S. Patria who lost their lives in the disaster in the harbour at Haifa on November 25, 1940.

The novel begins with the Nazi annexation of Austria, and the rape of Czechoslovakia. It describes succinctly the ensuing Jewish flight, and the unlucky fate of refugees who reached the shores of Palestine only to find that they were kept out by the British.

Steiner pays tribute to the small group of Jews who set up and operated a fleet of often overcrowded and unseaworthy boats, which included the unfortunate Patria, which was sabotaged at Haifa harbour by Hagana men, in order to prevent the immigrants' deportation to Mauritius. The Hagana men blew too big a hole in the belly of the ship, and it sank with the loss of 257 lives.

It is a pity that most of the characters in the novel are fictitious, with the exception of some important contemporary figures. Many Israelis took part in those events. Their true stories would have added weight to Steiner's book, however authentic his narrative, and however deep his knowledge of the material.

ON A VISIT to Israel some time ago, Herb Brinn, a feature writer

for *The Los Angeles Times*, decided to try to visualize the Holocaust more intensely, through travelling by train in Eastern Europe. For its railways, of course, conveyed hundreds of thousands of Jews to the camps.

Brinn boarded the Orient Express at Istanbul, and travelled through Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia to a meeting with Simon Wisenthal in Vienna. He found the Orient Express unglamorous and rather disgusting, and his visits to the sites of destroyed Jewish communities depressing. The Chopin Express recalled many specific aspects of the Jewish condition for him, but it was difficult to visualize the sufferings of those Jews who had followed similar routes forty years earlier. He visited Auschwitz also, and passed through East and West Germany. His travels did help him to recognize his roots, and reinforce his Jewish identity.

THE PRINCIPAL figure of *The Army Cap Boy* is Zolani, an easy-going young man from a small Hungarian village. The book is in seven chapters, and each one describes a different circumstance of his development and education.

Zolani recalls his childhood in a small Hungarian village, experiences in war-torn Budapest, arrest and deportation to Bergen-Belsen. One of the lucky survivors, he could have immigrated to Israel but chose not to. He decided instead on the good life in France, and then in Australia.

His attitude to life after the Liberation is characteristic of many Holocaust survivors, who felt desperately tired, and found what they thought an easy answer to difficult questions. It seems, however, that the Schwarzes regard Israel as their second home.

MERRITT LINN is an ophthalmologist living in Portland, Oregon. His first novel attempts a description of a nameless munition factory, established in a nameless concentration camp in a nameless country. Nazi Germany is never mentioned.

This unusual allegory presents a truthful account of Holocaust conditions. However, though the reader may sympathize with these anonymous slaves, he is unlikely to be deeply moved. The author's obvious literary talent seems to operate in a vacuum. We are still too close to the horrors of the real Holocaust to accept this type of impersonality.

for *The Los Angeles Times*, decided to try to visualize the Holocaust more intensely, through travelling by train in Eastern Europe. For its railways, of course, conveyed hundreds of thousands of Jews to the camps.

Brinn boarded the Orient Express at Istanbul, and travelled through Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia to a meeting with Simon Wisenthal in Vienna. He found the Orient Express unglamorous and rather disgusting, and his visits to the sites of destroyed Jewish communities depressing. The Chopin Express recalled many specific aspects of the Jewish condition for him, but it was difficult to visualize the sufferings of those Jews who had followed similar routes forty years earlier. He visited Auschwitz also, and passed through East and West Germany. His travels did help him to recognize his roots, and reinforce his Jewish identity.

THE PRINCIPAL figure of *The Army Cap Boy* is Zolani, an easy-going young man from a small Hungarian village. The book is in seven chapters, and each one describes a different circumstance of his development and education.

Zolani recalls his childhood in a small Hungarian village, experiences in war-torn Budapest, arrest and deportation to Bergen-Belsen. One of the lucky survivors, he could have immigrated to Israel but chose not to. He decided instead on the good life in France, and then in Australia.

His attitude to life after the Liberation is characteristic of many Holocaust survivors, who felt desperately tired, and found what they thought an easy answer to difficult questions. It seems, however, that the Schwarzes regard Israel as their second home.

MERRITT LINN is an ophthalmologist living in Portland, Oregon. His first novel attempts a description of a nameless munition factory, established in a nameless concentration camp in a nameless country. Nazi Germany is never mentioned.

This unusual allegory presents a truthful account of Holocaust conditions. However, though the reader may sympathize with these anonymous slaves, he is unlikely to be deeply moved. The author's obvious literary talent seems to operate in a vacuum. We are still too close to the horrors of the real Holocaust to accept this type of impersonality.

Now Schocken has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present. However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blauk, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

Sadeh has long played the role of Israel's *pöte maudit*, and it is somewhat unexpected to see him produce what is in many ways a work of scholarship. Fortunately, although he is widely read and has a mind to be reckoned with, he is definitely not a scholar. His criteria for selecting the stories were subjective and idiosyncratic. He explains some of his purposes in the Afterword at the end of this book, and interviews with him have appeared in *Haaretz* and *Pravda*. Without getting involved in the Sadeh mystique, one might simply say that he only included stories he found particularly striking, and they are quite striking because Sadeh's instinct for finding and refining literary gold is highly developed. He has compiled a delightful book which one can never finish (nor does one wish to do so), and he deserves to be appointed Grand Vizier, at the very least.

Now Schocken has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present. However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blauk, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

Sadeh has long played the role of Israel's *pöte maudit*, and it is somewhat unexpected to see him produce what is in many ways a work of scholarship. Fortunately, although he is widely read and has a mind to be reckoned with, he is definitely not a scholar. His criteria for selecting the stories were subjective and idiosyncratic. He explains some of his purposes in the Afterword at the end of this book, and interviews with him have appeared in *Haaretz* and *Pravda*. Without getting involved in the Sadeh mystique, one might simply say that he only included stories he found particularly striking, and they are quite striking because Sadeh's instinct for finding and refining literary gold is highly developed. He has compiled a delightful book which one can never finish (nor does one wish to do so), and he deserves to be appointed Grand Vizier, at the very least.

Now Schocken has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present. However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blauk, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

Now Schocken has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present. However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blauk, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

Now Schocken has published that book in Hebrew. It is very attractively produced, and illustrated with old woodcuts, which are obviously calculated to make it an ideal bar mitzva or holiday present. However it is much more than that. Pinchas Sadeh, the man who edited it, is following in the footsteps of giants and trying to do them one better. Blauk, Berdyzewski, and Buber, among others, all compiled collections of Jewish tales reflecting their biases and programmes. Sadeh, unlike his illustrious predecessors, has taken a good half of his stories from the compilations of oral literature made by Israeli folklorists under the direction of Dov Noy. He has improved the Hebrew to make the style of the book uniform, but he claims to be faithful to the essential core of the folk-tale. By using that material, Sadeh has lent it literary prestige and redeemed it from neglect, making it part of modern Israeli culture. His book is surely destined to be a classic and find its way into every Hebrew reader's library.

SATURDAY morning, Chelsea Manor Street, Chelsea, London, circa 1963. 9 a.m. Get up. 9.10 Put on minidress. 9.12 Put on make up. 10.42 Make up completed, plus hair on bouffant. 10.45 Saunter out in stiletos and stagger to the 'bus stop. 11 a.m. Meet the ladies at Biba's for a bit of a giggle.

In the Sixties, our local wasn't the pub. We Chelsea girls didn't congregate around the *Rising Sun* in the Kings Road. Our Saturday hang-out, was Biba's in Abingdon Road, Kensington, where (because the prettiest girls went there), the best looking blokes hung out too.

If you're not English, you won't know what I'm writing about. But you are, unless you were born to it late (sorry), you know that Biba was the fulcrum of the Swinging Sixties, the place where it all happened and you where it all was made to happen.

Often, nowadays, in nostalgic stories of those golden days, when anything worthy of note was born in London or Liverpool, the fashion innovator of that time is said to be Mary Quant. But it's not so. Mary had her nice, but she was, somehow, a bit too nice. Biba was different. It was the difference between the Beatles, parents in their clean-cut youth, and the Stones, unacceptable to adults — and so truly one of us.

Barbara Hulanicki was Biba. Biba was London in the 1960s. The tiny boutique grew from a magpie's nest of treasures for the first leggy dolly-birds, became a shadowy boudoir of feather boas and vamp dresses and ultimately opened as a glorious emporium in High Street, Kensington. Thus, the blurb on the cover of *From A to Biba*, by Barbara Hulanicki herself.

READING this book was surprisingly difficult for on each page and with each development of the shop, from the dilapidated corner premises in Abingdon Road, Kensington, to the vast dark emporium in Ken. High Street, her story is intimately bound up with mine.

Intimately is exactly what I mean

BIGGER GROSSERS may come and go, but *Gone With The Wind* will always be "the greatest film ever made," and the company that released it, MGM, is firmly entrenched in the public consciousness as the "greatest" of the major studios. It is therefore truly remarkable that the daughter of Louis B. Mayer, who to all intents and purposes was the latter, should marry the producer of the former, and still become someone in her own right. Irene Mayer Selznick became a top Broadway producer, and *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a success that neither of the men in her life would have been ashamed of.

A Private View is her autobiography, but it is not the name-dropping, inside-story sort of book one might expect from someone who occupied the position she did. As far as intrigues behind the screen go, Mrs. Selznick gives us very little that can be considered new, and it seems clear that her intention was not to rewrite Hollywood history.

Her own history is interesting enough, and it becomes more so as the book progresses. The arrival of David O. Selznick on the scene makes the book come alive with a jolt, because up to that point her family has constituted almost the entire cast.

IRENE was born in 1907, the year in which her father was financially wiped out. He began again with a burlesque house in Haverhill, which was the beginning of his huge entertainment empire. Her older sister Edith was glamour-minded, which left the tomboy slot for Irene to fit into. Left-handed, she began to stutter when forced to use only her right hand in school. This affliction flits in and out of the book at intervals, leaving no doubt that even today it is one of the more memorable aspects of her life.

By the late Twenties, David Selznick was already very much in evidence. It has been reported that her father objected to the match, but according to Irene he approved of Selznick as a son-in-law. What infuriated him was the fact that his daughter's wedding date was dictated by the Paramount production schedule. Paramount being both a rival studio and Selznick's place of employment. When *Gone With The Wind* came along, it proved to be a unique ordeal for all involved, and the effect of its aftermath on David eventually broke up the marriage. During the war, Irene began to dis-

cover in herself the ability to do things, as opposed to being someone. She contributed her services to the Juvenile Probation Department under the name of social work of Irene Sells. This charade came to an end when Mrs. Sells and Mrs. Selznick both had to be present at the same meeting.

Once she had been activated, all it took was few suggestions to get her onto Broadway, where she turned out to be every inch a creative producer. In addition to *Streetcar*, she can also be credited with *Bell, Book and Candle* and *The Chalk Garden*. On Broadway, as in her marriage, she elected to quit while she was still ahead.

The book tapers off almost abruptly after this, lingering only to record the deaths of her father and ex-husband. It seems that her drive to prove herself has been satisfied. She still treasures the recording one of her sons made of a stutter-free broadcast she made.

AN INEVITABLE point of interest in a book like this is her rendering of what Louis B. and David O. were really like. Mayer, often considered a dictator-mogul, is viewed by his daughter mainly with sympathy. Though he may have expressed most of his parental rights before her

A bit of a giggle



Joanna Yehiel

— you can't get much more intimate than underwear and, from the early Sixties on, I wore Biba underwear (in fact, it was granny vests and long johns, dyed prune, black, slate and sludge green), as overwear for years. The only thing we didn't do, me and my mates, was tear holes in it, like our children do with their T-shirts today. It was our rebellion (that, and the three-day Ban the Bomb marches over Easter, which now, 20 and more years on, our children are suddenly re-activating with passion, as if they have discovered the nuclear bomb themselves).

The first time I bought a Biba

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Tinseltown royalty

A PRIVATE VIEW by Irene Mayer Selznick. New York, Alfred A. Knopf 384 pp. \$16.95.

Hillel Tryster

cover in herself the ability to do things, as opposed to being someone. She contributed her services to the Juvenile Probation Department under the name of social work of Irene Sells. This charade came to an end when Mrs. Sells and Mrs. Selznick both had to be present at the same meeting.

Once she had been activated, all it took was few suggestions to get her onto Broadway, where she turned out to be every inch a creative producer. In addition to *Streetcar*, she can also be credited with *Bell, Book and Candle* and *The Chalk Garden*. On Broadway, as in her marriage, she elected to quit while she was still ahead.

The book tapers off almost abruptly after this, lingering only to record the deaths of her father and ex-husband. It seems that her drive to prove herself has been satisfied. She still treasures the recording one of her sons made of a stutter-free broadcast she made.

AN INEVITABLE point of interest in a book like this is her rendering of what Louis B. and David O. were really like. Mayer, often considered a dictator-mogul, is viewed by his daughter mainly with sympathy. Though he may have expressed most of his parental rights before her

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

bonyant mid-Sixties, they all had jobs and they were not used to eating massive meals. They were the postwar babies who had been deprived of nourishing protein in childhood and grew up into beautiful, skinny people. A designer's dream. It didn't take much for them to look outstanding. The simpler the better, the shorter the better. Their legs seemed to be never-ending. Suddenly London was filled with long-legged girls and boys, who became envied all over the world... there were masses of them and they all seemed to flock to Abingdon Road.

YES, we did (not all of us were that beautiful, but never mind). To try to put those prune, black and shibui smocks, which, as Barbara writes, "itched and stopped their arms from bending." (I didn't know the *knew*), to meet new boy friends outside the door, to change in and out in the world's first communal changing-room in a shop (the first time I realized how many women ever wear knickers), and all this to the tune of *Can't Get No Satisfaction* and *Lord of Lords*, actually get to see Cathy McGowan or Cilla Black, or *Top of the Pops* or *Juke Box Jury*, changing in and out too.

Then, fully equipped in new dress (some of them, not actually paid for — no such thing as electronic tags to trap shop lifters in those days, shopping was fun, then), we'd limp down Ken. High Street, to see *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Knowing It* and David Hemmings in his white jeans and his Tuke Six vest.

So much for London Saturdays in the early Sixties.

BY THE END of 1966, Biba had moved up in social status by opening a larger boutique in Kensington Church Street, by now the place to stroll on a Saturday. Prices were still low, but Biba had become an accepted part of the British establishment, and to stir or rebel, the kids of the day had to buy or steal their gear elsewhere *Biba Stop* or *I was Lord Kitchener's Valet* or the

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Army Surplus store near Euston Road. But Biba's biggest success — and failure — was going all out to make "the most beautiful store in the world" when she and her husband, Fitz, took over the derelict Derry and Toms store in Kensington High Street. A gorgeous Art deco building, it was for a few short years the Shangri La of Europe.

Darkness at noon (and any other time of the day) characterized the many floors. Marble and hare but-tocks gleamed. An assortment of men sat with eyes screwed up in order to make out the moving crowd of the world's most beautiful women groping their way between clothes stands of Biba's best. Not only couldn't they tell whether a girl was worth picking up, in the gloomy darkness, we couldn't tell what colour a dress was. None the less, we bought and bought, emerging into the brightness of Ken. High Street clutching our prizes, wrapped in the distinctive Biba bugs with the golden logo.

My boyfriend, Israeli and thus pragmatic, couldn't make out why I wanted to buy dresses which not only didn't fit me but didn't suit me (to his mind), either. And I'd paid for them, too, without knowing what colour they were. "You can get that more cheaply at the Jaffa flea market," he told me. Yes, but it *didn't* have the Biba label in it, did it? Biba closed down in 1974, the abortion of Big Business, after being taken over by some outfit called British Land. The agony was long and painful. By that time, I was safely living in Israel, hoarding my disintegrating supply of prune-and-sludge Biba dresses.

Barbara Hulanicki's story begins in Palestine, where she was born and where her father, an ex-Pole (no, not Jewish) was chief censor for the British Mandate. He was murdered, it seems from this book, by the Irgun. She never came back here and now lives in Brazil. If she ever dies, I'll be happy to be able to thank her for making my teen-hood happy.

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel

Joanna Yehiel



The Student Authority
State of Israel
Ministry of Immigrant Absorption
The Jewish Agency
Department of Aliyah and Kibbutz

Attention English Speaking
University Students

Seminar on Israel-Diaspora Relations

This seminar investigates the relationship between Israel and North American Jewry in the fields of Jewish Education, Economic Relations, and Jewish Policy Planning.

Date: December 23-24, 1983.

Place: Kiryat Anavim Guest House

Cost: 1250 Sheqels (incl. Fri. lunch — Sat. dinner)

Register at your Overseas Students Office or call
D. Schwartz (02) 241121.

Archaeological Lecture Series

at

The Rockefeller Museum
(in English)

Sponsored by the Nelson Glueck School of Biblical Archaeology of Hebrew Union College and the W.F. Albright Institute of Archaeological Research

ELIEZER OREN

on

IRON AGE CITIES IN THE WESTERN NEGEV

Sunday, December 11, at 3 p.m.

MICHELET BRURIA

Announces the Opening of a Part-Time Program
for Mature Women Beginners (age 30 and over)
in a Yeshiva Environment

No previous Jewish knowledge or observance required.

Classes conducted in English.

Courses: Bible, Jewish Philosophy, Prayer,
Practical Halachot for the Home, and more.

Personal assistance in scheduling, childcare,
transportation, etc.

For more information call:

02-535512, 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

02-810107, evenings

More advanced levels of study also available.

Rabbi Chaim Brovender, Dean

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

170, Ben Yehuda St., Tel Aviv — Tel. 03-235818, 223186

Serving New Olim Since 1971

NEW OLIM... LAN makes it easy to buy:

Internal free credit • Special discounts for cash • Authorized agents
of Amcor, Teddies, Electra, General Electric, Amena, etc. •
Personal import via liaison offices in the principal capitals of
Europe, North and South America • Showroom open Sun., Mon.,
Tues., Wed., Thurs. 9 a.m.-11 p.m. and 4-7 p.m. Closed on Fridays.

Gently wicked fun

technical matters — any good director knows how to shoot around such problems. What would remain would still be a clever well-made little entertainment about a mathematician who discovers how to make a certain geometric configuration disappear up its own fun. It would be a racy if otherwise perfectly acceptable in-variant in that *Elders of Zion* series, *Tales of the Unexpected*.

"S DOUBTFUL, however, if Jack's *Birthday Celebration* would also be the series. This is a modest enough look at the sick English nitty unit done with the appropriate tones of Kopit and nter; but perhaps too modest, as it is for its greatest effect on a rgle closing shot of the 20-year-1 protagonist being tucked into a crib.

The Imitation Game is the latest the info. While anything but oddest in its ambitions it has riaps the least impact of them all. his introduction, McKewan tells that he was trying to write a novel jout the British attempt to crack ne Nazi Enigma code, about the brilliant young English scientist lan Turing and about the ex-olitation of women by the British armed forces. The result was this telly play. Despite McKewan's protests about extensive research, his script makes for pretty slim pick-ings, with melodrama overshadowing insight.

I grant that especially all three of these scripts would likely play better than they read, especially given the BBC's skill in making even soap opera look like Chekhov. Pity the Beeb chickened out of doing *Solid Geometry*, but at least one now has the chance to read it. In doing so, by the way, I've discovered the most intriguing stage direction since lonesco told us in *The Bold Soprano* that "the clock strikes as many times as it likes." McKewan has this fascinating direction: "Great-grandfather is bent over an elaborate, heavy, brass-knobbed press which has a pressure gauge. On the floor is a bucket of horse dung."

ters... with the pun... ing. *Time After Time* is elegant fun.

ALTHOUGH there's a lot of competition around (Martin Amis, Adam Mars-Jones, etc.), 35-year old Ian McKewan has good claim to the title of Nasty Young Man of British Letters. That's largely on the strength of his nasty fiction, like *In Between the Sheets* and *The Cement Garden*. Add to those, however, his TV play, *Solid Geometry*, which was banned by the BBC in 1979 just before going into production.

Happily, *Solid Geometry* is one of the three television plays included in this new collection. It is also better than the two that managed to get on the air.

Oh, yes, *Solid Geometry* does call for such props as a penis preserved in a jug of formaldehyde, and a for a naked actress to be tied into a human pretzel. But those are only

Identity exchange

A JEWISH REFUGEE escapes Nazi Germany by persuading a patient in the Berlin American army hospital, a colonel, to exchange identities with him — "his extraordinary boldness and steady determination had so startled the dying man, that he agreed without demur to part with his passport" — and, with his newly acquired ticket to freedom, the "Colonel," as he is henceforth known, makes his way to England with a retinue of relatives and, with what seems like remarkable ease, settles himself there. Being the kind of man that the people naturally trust ("...the immense power in his eyes...the silent young man with the undeniably military air..."), the Colonel is soon established in a magnificent mansion, acquires wealth, property, social status, and an impeccable accent: all the accoutrements of the society he has adopted. Alotof, respected; taciturn, he is invited to join the beleaguered government, becoming one of its outstanding ministers; but with the collapse of democracy in Britain, and the eruption of anarchy and terror throughout the country, he is seen as the prime enemy of the newly formed People's Collective.

THE COLONEL by David Hart, London, Blond and Briggs, 174 pp. \$6.95.

Aloma Halter

All this may sound rather spacey and far-fetched. And the book is a sort of post-apocalyptic vision presented in scenes which are hazily conceived and loosely strung together to create a dreamlike tabloid effect. "He came out of the ghettos of Europe and appeared upon these shores with the inevitability of a desert prophet." The tone has been set from the first pages, and the focus is unwaveringly, almost obsessively, on the solitary Colonel. The description has a way of lurching from an archaic, ponderous language to a kind of dry, surrealist burlesque: "they had just begun their dinner when a corporal who missed his mother burst in and started shooting like a maniac... Blood everywhere, broken bits of men, a finger lying on the table where the fork should have been." Hart has some irritating mannerisms: the narrative is addressed to an elusive "Father," the exclamation "godsake" is scattered more liberally than semi-colons, yet

there are compensations. The author's strength lies in sensual and tactile descriptions, and the Colonel's own experiences are immediate and convincing: "Then, one evening, he managed to drag himself to the corner where the honey still ran down the wall... He just managed to make a few questioning strokes with his painfully dry tongue until he tasted once more the wise sweetness of the bees' labour."

The Colonel, who both achieves greatness and has it thrust upon him, is treated with none of the wry humour that describes Malvolio's ascent, and subsequent descent, in *Twelfth Night*. If the intended political satire in this book falters, it is largely due to this lack of humour, and to the intense, claustrophobic involvement of the author with his hero. Alongside the other, sketchy, Lilliputian figures, the Colonel looms large. There is an absence of detail about the political situation, a lack of a convincing backdrop. The Colonel bestrides the book like a colossus, yet a fascinatingly egocentric one. What is remarkable is that, despite the scanty plot and the desultory treatment of the secondary characters, the reader comes to share David Hart's fascination with his protagonist, and however reluctantly, stays with the strong, almost hypnotic Colonel till the end. □

YOU DON'T know the meaning of the word tantalize until you've been on a shopper's tour of London with only an odd free hour here and there for personal shopping. Together with four of my colleagues in the consumer-reporting field, I was a guest of British Airways and the British Tourist Authority for a glorious five-day tour of London's famous shops over the counters and behind the scenes. And it was the Christmas season to boot, with show windows and store fronts aglitter with lights and evergreens. In short, a dream trip.

One of my colleagues remarked that it isn't fair to our readers to be writing about the tempting shops and merchandise of London when the economic situation is causing most Israelis not only to stay at home this winter, but to tighten their belts as well. She has a point. Perhaps we should not tantalize you with forbidden fruits.

But I am an optimist. This year, by the end of August, 96,000 Israelis had visited the U.K. — up 40 per cent over the same period last year. More Israelis came this summer than visitors from Spain or Japan or Austria or Denmark, which are bigger or closer or both. I cannot predict how many Israelis will make it to the British Isles in '84, perhaps fewer than this year, but I have faith in the ingenuity of my people — travel tax, recession, and all.

Anyway, there's always armchair travel. So settle yourself comfortably, conjure up rain and mist, and come marketing with me in London. Actually, we had three days of crispy cold and brilliant sunshine before the fog rolled in, and our superb guide, Katie Lucas — who runs her own Grosvenor Guide Service and has written a walkabout London guidebook — told us autumn is apt to be a drier season than most and hence a good one for visiting.

A FITTING welcome was the marketplace "best buys" of the day on the BBC's popular *Breakfast Time* news-and-talk show our very first morning. Perhaps in our honour, one of the three recommendations was "Sharon fruit" — as Israeli persimmons are known, there. Their country of origin was omitted which seemed to me deliberate, as the grapes were described as coming from Spain. A single persimmon was 30 pence — which means 1540, for which we can buy a whole kilo. Later, at Selfridges, the biggest store on Oxford Street and the second biggest in London, I saw other Israeli fruits — moist dates at a pound sterling per pound weight — which means around 1540 for less than half a kilo — our grapefruit at 25 pence apiece — about 1535, or nearly what we pay for a kilo. The oranges were Spanish — our Jaffas hadn't arrived yet this season.

Fresh fruits, however, are almost the only Israeli products which cost us less at home than in London. Even some familiar food products are sold more cheaply there. A double-pack box of Osem soup was marked 58p — about 1578 — and I remember paying more for this in Tel Aviv just before leaving on the trip.

The famed Fortnum & Mason food department, renowned as a gourmet's paradise where the sales assistants dress in morning coats, carries several Israeli products: lined orange juice under its own house label at 70p for a 540ml. tin (198) as well as honey and halva (both of which were out of stock). In the textile field, I saw many examples of Israeli products which



Shopper's tour

cost less in London than at home — so much so that I raised the question with the management of Marks & Spencer, which carries more Israeli merchandise than any other chain in Britain. Part of the answer, I was told, lies in the export incentives for products sold abroad, which bring in hard currency.

Another is that an M & S large-scale, long-term contract can cut a manufacturer's unit production costs. But another reason, I was told, is that the local Israeli retail market will bear higher prices — which is another way of saying that our consumers are willing to pay more for the same goods than British consumers would, either because they are less discriminating or simply because they have fewer choices.

Also, of course, retailing in Israel is less efficient than in the U.K., certainly less efficient than at M & S, which is famous for its economical sales methods and resultant low markup margins. But I shall leave most of the M & S story to another article, as this shopping Mecca, with its very special Israeli connection, deserves special attention.

I DON'T KNOW how much Ootex bathing suits cost at Harrods, the largest and most comprehensive department store not only in London but in all of Europe, whose name is synonymous with elegance. I didn't even know that a "spectacular new Gollux Boutique" had opened there last May until I was browsing through my stack of press kits at the end of our trip. For all I know, the bathing-suit boutique

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

isn't operative in winter.

Harrods was the only store whose PR office failed to give us a royal welcome. Indeed, we hardly got a welcome at all, to use a bit of British understatement. We were ushered into a makeshift press room, kept standing while press folders were hastily thrown together, and were told that photographs were "too expensive" to distribute. And this is a store which boasts that its largest single cash sale ever was \$82,000, its average day's intake \$500,000, and which has exported a replica 1901 Ford car to an Arab sheikh and sold a Texas-excavated fossil back to a Texan.

But despite our cool reception, Harrods is too fascinating to ignore. Many stores post signs, "No dogs allowed," but where else is it followed by the information, "Kennels are available, entrance at No. 3 door?"

It helps to be royalty, or at least wealthy, to shop at Harrods, but even the economy-class tourist needn't be afraid to browse around — and you can find some things to suit the almighty pocketbook, just to be able to come home with a Harrods carrier-bag. For instance, packets of scented bath salts cost only 55p (1575) — just the same as at John Lewis, a cooperative chain with the slogan, "Never knowingly undersold." Or you can buy a Harrods souvenir plastic pen or an eraser. There is an entire section

called the Harrods Shop which specializes in goods with the Harrods logo — from baby bibs to shopping bags.

Some general merchandise costs no more at Harrods than anywhere else. A double-screen Game-and-Watch brand electronic game such as Denkey Kong costs £19.95, the same as at other London stores and slightly less than on Tel Aviv's Allenby Street. But I wouldn't recommend buying much at Harrods without comparing prices in other shops; one of my travelling companions bought a wool plaid scarf and then saw it considerably cheaper at the Scotch House, itself hardly an economy store.

THE SCOTCH HOUSE and Burberrys are two related chains which I wouldn't have thought to visit if not on a press tour — and which most Israeli visitors to London probably overlook or assume to be out of their range. The latter may be so — but both are fascinating enough to warrant mention and perhaps a peek inside next time you're in London.

The Scotch House is where you can see — or buy — a genuine Scottish kilt, a women's kilt-style skirt, and even children's kilts from size one, as well as all sorts of accessories from over the border. This is the place to ask the inevitable question: What do Scotsmen wear under their kilts? (answer: nothing). And there is a free booklet in which you can look up your family name and see if it has a clan tartan. If you're a Cohen or a Levy, don't bother; but Cowan is listed, and so is Mac-

David. If you think you have even a remote Scottish ancestry link, the chain will help you trace your clan identity.

An authentic man's kilt costs £72.50, nearly 159,800, a woman's kilt-skirt £50, or 157,000, the smallest toddler kilts £20.50 or about 152,800. There are 350 different tartan designs in stock as yard-goods, which can be made into a kilt to order. Refreshingly, there are virtually no synthetic-fibre garments in the Scotch House stores, except for a few women's blouses.

I suppose it's a confession of inferiority to admit I didn't know what a Burberry was before this trip. A Burberry is the original gabardine raincoat worn by early aviators, by Polar explorers, and the famous trenchcoat used by the British army in World War I. It started out in 1856, when one Thomas Burberry copied the linen smocks of English shepherds and farmers, and replaced the original fabric with an almost waterproof cotton, which he named gabardine. It became the ideal all-weather fabric for sporting, military and rain wear. The firm reports that an ordinary Burberry supported on four sticks has been known to make a serviceable bathtub in desert or jungle.

An authentic Burberry raincoat with its characteristic checked lining is not cheap, but is said to last for years, even decades. A recent competition for the oldest existing Burberry turned up one from 1890. The standard coats for men start at £197.50 (over 1527,000), for women at £180 (over 1525,000), while a fur lining can quadruple the price. At the London branches, monograms are embroidered on for free, and a year's insurance against damage or loss is thrown in as well.

LONDON offers clothing at all price ranges. At Fortnum & Mason in Piccadilly, I saw women's pure-silk blouses from Italy for £350 — which is 1549,000. Even less than the blouses, can I understand people paying £111 (1515,500) for a five-year-old's pure silk dress, outgrown in a season or two.

Perhaps many of my readers, like myself, had assumed that Fortnum & Mason is solely a gourmet food store, as that is what made its name. In fact, it is a full-scale department store. But food remains its most famous feature. Among the English upperclasses, a food hamper from F & M is almost a must to take on a hunt or a day at the races, we were told. Gift hampers for Christmas range from a modest £7.25 (under 151,000) for a small Christmas pudding and some orange marmalade to the "No. 1 Windsor Hamper" at £550 (1577,000), complete with champagne, caviar and turtle soup.

We were royally treated to some fine Spanish sherry in the "crypt" — the store's wine cellar. The wine list has labels from virtually every wine-producing country, including Hungary, South Africa, Australia, the U.S., and even England itself — but surprisingly, nothing from Israel. Our hostess had no explanation for this, but cordially offered me the calling card of F & M's chief wine buyer, and said he would welcome offers from Israeli wineries.

Londoners, I found, are drinking lots of wine these days, and the latest rage is the newly-arrived 1983 Beaujolais Nouveau, a young light red, which bears a resemblance to our own Adam Alk or Petit Sirah. Only with spiky Indian food did our British hosts suggest that a cold beer or lager would be more suitable than wine. □

Martha Meisels